





IONE.

A SEQUEL TO "VASHTI."

BY

CHARLOTTE CRISMAN COX.



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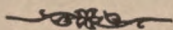
*Entered in name
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Dedication.

TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF MY FRIENDS WHO,
WHEN CLOUDS WERE THICKEST AND LOWEST,
FLASHED UPON ME THE PIERCING RAYS OF LOVE,
ENABLING ME TO GROPE TO THE LIGHT OF
RE-INSTATED FAITH IN HUMANITY,
AND TO THOSE WHO SUBSTANTIALLY AIDED ME
IN MY LITERARY WORK,
I DEDICATE
THIS EARNEST ATTEMPT TO AID THE READER TO
"PUT HIMSELF IN THE OTHER MAN'S PLACE."

CHARLOTTE CRISMAN COX.

IONE.



CHAPTER I.

“O golden age, whose light is of the dawn
And not of sunset, forward not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth ; and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of when in trance or dream
They saw the happy isles of prophecy.
Let justice hold her scale, and truth divide
Between the right and wrong ; *but give the heart,*
The freedom of its fair inheritance.”



WITH a feeling approaching bitterness, Salome Owen slowly repeated these lines as she watched the carriage, bearing Dr. Grey to the depot, turn the corner of the avenue of elms and shut from her blurred vision the loved form of her “king.”

“Good-bye, Ulpian Grey ! Good-bye, but not forever, for as sure as God grants us only a brief extension of years, just so sure I shall see you again.”

To escape the loud grief of little Jessie, and to hide her own from her childish but often correct intuition, she hastily retreated to a distant walk at the bottom of the terraced garden. The effulgent rays of the rising sun poured through the convolvulus vines, and would have stirred the soul of any less petrified being to the glorious beauties of the morning, but to Salome, these rays were no more life-giving than a breeze from the frigid zone. Gladly would she have exchanged surroundings for the "wings of Icarus," and cared not for an ending as fatal.

But the "pale horse and his rider" often heed not the wooings and beckonings of the despairing soul, but turn and snatches one from the pleasanter walks of life.

With hands so tightly clasped that the nails had dented and almost pierced the ivory palms, she hastily paced up and down the shell strewn walk.

Longinus has remarked: that "the true sublime may sometimes be attained by the silent musings of man."

"Rejected of the man I hold dearer than life, but I will not be always," she said aloud. "Just so sure, Ulpian Grey, as we are creatures of environment, just so sure you shall yet admit

Salome Owen, — ‘the miller’s daughter’ — capable of that sublimity that dwarfed souls cannot reach. If it be true that I am the wayward creature you doubtless justly think me, then my aspirations and love of the good and perfect transcend yours. To the impetuous girl who loved you better than life, you gave only your brotherly love, while to the white haired creature whose heart and name were anothers, you gave that wealth of affection I so much craved. If I came unsought, did not you do the same? In your puritanical, conservative ideas of life, you make woman an exalted creature to be above temptation.

But, Ulpian Grey, have you proved this by your choice? Your petted idol was guilty of the violation of half the laws of the decalogue. First, she took through haste and lack of patience, the life that rightfully belonged to another, — took him for ‘better or worse,’ — to be cast aside at the first discovery of his faithlessness. Others, unsung, have lived out their days in silent martyrdom, forgiving seventy and seven times the wayward husband, and by gracious, charitable deeds, purged their souls of hate to the offender and the unoffending world. Yet her sins are covered because she fretted her hair white and her heart to stone,

and mine are magnified because of heredity and early environments.

If your heroine had been robbed of wealth — and left in penury and want, through contact with humanity and sympathy in her struggle for bread, — she might either have let pity beget a tenderer sentiment, or yielded to the temptation to destroy herself. Ah, Ulpian Grey ; surely you have proven yourself but a man !

Some day you shall yet welcome the ‘low-born miller’s daughter, to your heart, — till then farewell, my hero — my King !

“ O Sister ; sister Salome ! Come quickly and hear what Robert says ! ”

Jessie’s voice more than her words startled Salome, and with a quickened pace she bounded up the terrace, where stood the servant who had driven Dr. Grey’s carriage. His look betrayed his emotion.

“ What is it, Robert ? Is your master hurt ? ” Salome demanded in a husky voice.

“ A runaway team, ma’am, with a loaded wagon, upset our carriage and the doctor is unconscious ; but the driver thinks he is not seriously hurt.”

“ Where ! — speak quick — take me to him ! God of heaven save him if only until I reach

him and receive his dying blessing!" wailed Salome.

With a thoughtfulness, foreign to her nature, she flew to the closet for drugs, and gathered several vials she knew contained restoratives. These she handed to Robert, that she might in no wise be impeded in her haste. But not until they had come to the gate at the end of the lawn, did she realize her inability to reach the injured man quickly, so she bade the servant take her hand and, with superhuman agility, mounted behind him on the back of the carriage horse.

"Now fly," she cried, "for a life worth all ours hangs in the balance! Gracious Heavenly Father, spare that which to us is so valuable!" In her sorrow she attributed only perfection — forgetting the imperfections of which she had accused him only a short while before. Growing impatient, she asked: "How far is it, Robert?"

"Just at the foot of the steep hill half way to the depot," he replied. She knew the place was one half mile from her home, and scanning the objects that whirled by them in their rapid flight she rejoiced that the distance was nearly passed.

Only a few seconds more that seemed an interminable age, and she leaped from the horse, beside the prostrate form of her heart's idol. He

was still unconscious and his breathing so imperceptible that she feared death had already claimed him.

Snatching the restoratives from Robert's hands, she frantically applied them, and with her soft hands bathed the sufferer's face and pulse, but with an impatience born of wild anxiety, she sat down and gently placed his head upon her knee, hoping thus to produce perceptible respiration. Failing in this, she placed her lips to his as a last resource, and blew her own warm breath into his lungs, producing a deep sigh followed by labored, irregular breathing.

"Go for my carriage, Robert, and you," speaking to the man whose team had done the irreparable damage, "go for Dr. Sheldon and bring him here, for I cannot take the risk of moving him without a doctor's aid and advice."

She beheld not the hand in the divine fate that placed in her own arms her darling, for all other feelings were stifled by the predominating fear that death would snatch him from her life. Looking at the placid features, her heart melted and she imprinted one long, passionate kiss on his lips.

Her deed admitted of no animadversion, for it was only the claiming of that which right-

fully belonged to her. God had intersected their lives, and her soul was truly wedded to his if not his to hers.

“It is not so with Him who all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows,
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.”

Her strained position was at last relieved by the doctor's arrival, who hastily made a partial examination and found the right arm and leg broken. He ordered a cot, and without waiting for Salome's wish in the matter, ordered the injured man carried to her home.

Her heart gave one bound of thankfulness. She would now, at least, be permitted to see and wait on him while life lasted, for she had not yet entertained one single hope of recovery.

“The means that Heaven yealds must be embraced,
And not neglected ; else, if Heaven would
And we would not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.”

Salome rapidly proceeded the party and had in readiness her spare bedchamber. The tall brugmansia plant in the deep bow window had not yet ceased to emit the peculiarly fragrant odor that, like many souls, it took the darkness of life to produce. Restful pictures of land-

scapes and domestic life adorned the walls, and directly o'er the bed was one of Christ raising Jairiu's daughter.

From the moment of Dr. Sheldon's arrival, Salome's lips had been sealed, but now, they had arrived at her home and she must give directions. With superhuman strength she, without scarcely an order from the physician, prepared bandages, — helped saturate them with plaster, — and surprised Dr. Sheldon by offering to watch the patient's pulse while he and the men proceeded to set the broken limbs.

A small opiate was administered, for already unconsciousness rendered unnecessary a very large dose. When through with this painful task, the doctor bade her swallow a mixture, that he knew, by the tensely drawn muscles of her face, she would be compelled to have.

"How long before we will know the worst, Dr. Sheldon!" Salome asked.

"I cannot say, child, but I hope early in the forenoon or at least by noon. Do not look so haggard, Salome, I hope there is nothing serious; if only the broken limbs, he will regain consciousness when the nervous shock subsides." Then turning to the servant, he continued: "Robert, take this to the station, it is a telegram for a competent male nurse, and until his

arrival, Salome, I will stay with you. Have you no friends you can ask to help you?"

"Mr. Granville and his wife have gone on their bridal tour, Miss Dexter left for Cuba yesterday and I have not sufficient claims on any one else," replied Salome. "But doctor, with the male servants I need no other help, for I would not, and could not leave him until all is over or —"

"Do not be so despondent, Salome. I tell you I do not think his injuries are serious."

For the first time since their return she now heard Jessie's crying in another room and hastened to her. Fearing the noise might disturb the patient should consciousness return, she consoled and calmed the child as best she could, but dreading Jessie's inability to remain quiet if the worst came, she sent her for a long stroll with the house-maid. Then kneeling beside the empty little bed, Salome poured out her broken spirit in earnest prayer to God.

"Only spare him, Heavenly Father, and I will be wholly subservient to Thy will concerning me. I ask not that his heart be mine, but pray Thy forgiveness for my resolve of a few hours ago, and offer myself, soul and body, a living sacrifice upon Thy altar. Make of me what Thou wilt."

CHAPTER II.



FROM the time that Joseph was sold into Egypt, Jacob's troubles multiplied, until God in his own way and time stayed the tide, and his many sorrows proved only sources of great joy. Afflictions seemingly multiply until we can no longer see our path and we must walk by faith; but when God sees our humility, with one stroke he clears our way and all is bright. When the cup is so bitter that we cannot look up to him while draining the dregs, He will, ere it is too late, allow a pleasant draught to drown, somewhat, the bitterness of the first cup. Salome returned to the sick-room with holy resignation plainly visible on every feature. As she entered the room the patient opened his eyes, and after a momentary glance around the room, demanded of Dr. Sheldon: "What has happened?"

"Only a runaway team upset your carriage and somewhat misused you."

“How serious are my injuries, doctor?”

“A broken leg and arm ascertained so far; I do not think there are any internal injuries however, but I will soon make a thorough examination.”

Salome was kneeling by the bed in mute sympathy. The patient, glancing upward, softly repeated a few lines of one of Wesley's hymns.

“‘Thee will I love, my joy my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord my God;
Thee will I love beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.’”

Salome stroked the damp hair from his forehead, touched her lips to his fingers, then arose and left the room with a mute sympathy that bespoke more than all the vocabulary of the English language could have done. Shortly after, she was summoned to return to the sick-room and as she approached Dr. Sheldon, he said:

“I think he has no other wound, Salome, so now I will leave him in your care while I visit my other patients, but will promise to return by middle forenoon. Follow out these written directions and we shall hope within a few days to see our dear friend safely on the road to recovery.” Then turning to the sufferer, he

continued, "I forbid you to talk, Dr. Grey, and also forbid this nurse, who has proven herself so highly capacitated in an emergency, talking very much to you. Perfect quiet with as much sleep as possible is what I desire."

They re-arranged his pillows, then Salome retired to a corner in the bow window out of view and, after Dr. Grey had closed his eyes with a strong inclination to sleep, Dr. Sheldon softly left the room, entered his buggy and drove hastily away.

Truly "we know not what a day may bring forth." By the physical suffering of Dr. Grey, Salome's latent soul powers were awakened, and for the first time in her life, brought into full subjection to their creator. The spiritual beauty that rendered one of Robert Underwood's "Blossoms of the Soul" enveloped her.

"Thou half unfolded flower

With fragrance laden heart,

What is the secret power

'That doth the petals part ?

* *

Thou wonder-wakened soul !

As dawn doth steal on night."

Dr. Sheldon returned at the stated hour and found his patient sleeping quietly. Salome met him at the door, and suggested that they hold a consultation in the room opposite. The doctor

gazed at her as she grasped his extended hand, and wondered that sorrow had so transformed her. The beautiful, statue-like woman had become almost angelic in appearance. The lovely eyes were melting with an expression, an emotion, he did not understand. The hauteur that had always characterized her had given place to gentleness of manner surpassing anything he had yet found in woman.

With a look that would brook no denial she said: "Tell me all, Dr. Sheldon. With God's grace I believe I can stand the worst."

"Has he slept naturally, with no sign of stupor?"

"Yes," Salome replied, "his sleep seemed natural and refreshing. He awakened several times and was perfectly rational, asking for water and refreshments of some kind, but I did not give him anything but the water."

"That is good. Have ready for him some of the nice broth you used to make for Miss Jane with your own little hands. The worst to dread, Salome, is paralysis of the spinal chord, thus bringing on a stupor that will end in death. After thirty-six hours the danger to the nervous system will have passed, and then doubtless all danger to life will be over. But the long wearisome days of confinement, to him who has

always led such an active life, will be hard indeed."

"Ah," thought Salome, "if it were only I who had to suffer I would be willing to bear the worst to have his loved form in sight, but it will be trying to witness his suffering and know he would rather be elsewhere."

With velvety tread they returned to the sick chamber to be greeted by a smile from Dr. Grey.

"Bravo! How do I find you, old fellow?" said Dr. Sheldon.

"Resting easy, my dear friend, but longing for something to satisfy the inner man."

With that, Salome left the room and soon returned, bearing on a beautiful gold lined waiter that he himself had presented her, a bowl of the nourishment Dr. Sheldon had ordered.

"You will have to feed him until his nurse arrives, Salome," said Dr. Sheldon, but she had already placed the waiter near him and was arranging the napkin under his chin, and with the dexterity of a trained nurse, she gave him from a spoon the contents of the bowl.

With a thankful, appreciative smile, he said as she removed the napkin: "I did not know my 'little wayward girl' was such an efficient nurse." The soulful eyes of the newly awakened

woman met his and an expression of wonder flitted over his face. "Ah," thought he, "how truly beautiful she is. So competent to do good if she was not so selfish."

Night came on and the nine o'clock train brought the male nurse, but neither Dr. Sheldon or Salome ceased their vigil until the sun had mounted high the eastern horizon; then Dr. Sheldon left to visit his other patients, but Salome remained near the bed and noted the movement of every feature and the beatings of his pulse. "Only this day over and the danger will be passed," she thought.

Once he slept long and soundly, and becoming over-ruled by her fears she moved his pillow and awakened him. Again at mid-afternoon, he had slept restfully for two hours. She stroked the palm of his uninjured hand as she felt his pulse, but to no avail.

The sleep seemed deep, his breathing long and difficult. Restlessly she paced the room for several minutes, then returned to his bedside and made various futile attempts to awaken him. Finding low tones of no avail she placed her hands on each cheek, patting and rubbing them at first gently and then briskly, she called in plaintive tones that we so often hear over the loved ones slipping from our grasp.

“Dr. Grey! Oh, Dr. Grey, your ‘little friend’ wants you. Wake up!” Becoming frantic, she pressed her face to his. In so doing she touched his broken arm and the pain did that for her which loving words and caresses had failed to do. Opening his eyes he perceived her emotion, and said, in soothing tones:

“I am better, Salome, do not become alarmed.” With that, she went into a long swoon and but for Dr. Sheldon’s timely arrival, the nurse and servants would have had an intricate job.

Dr. Sheldon soon restored her to consciousness, and Dr. Grey bade him escort her to her room and see that she retired and seek a much needed rest. Again he was forced to give her an opiate, and in no surer way could he make her compose herself than by threatening to remain with her instead of Dr. Grey, if she did not quiet herself and endeavor to sleep.


“Go back to him, Dr. Sheldon, I will try to get some rest. You know the danger is not over yet.”

“Yes, Salome, the crisis is past. His symptoms are good and they would not be if the dreaded end was approaching. Be quiet now, for all your strength will be needed to nurse and control him for the next sixty days. My experience has been that the strongest, bravest

men, to assist others, succumb most completely to any physical pain. Yes, Salome, he will prove a veritable child on your hands. Rest now, for you must sit with him to-morrow and relieve the nurse." With this, he closed the door, but she could not close her eyes until she heard the doctor assure the nurse that the danger was past and that the patient was resting quietly.



CHAPTER III.

“T seems that Jessie, her brother and the house-keeping require a good deal of your time, now, Salome, you have only been with me long enough to serve my meals to-day, and the remainder of the time I have employed staring at the wall or watching nurse fidget around to keep himself awake.”

Salome smiled to herself at the approaching symptoms Dr. Sheldon had prophesied, but secretly envied not the angels, or thought theirs a higher estate.

“Now I can give you the afternoon. What will you have me do for you?”

“I have read my daily papers,” Dr. Grey answered, “go to the library, get a volume of Pope and read me his ‘Essay on Man.’”

“No, that is rather gloomy,” Salome responded. “Let me read you ‘I. K. Marvel’s Reveries of a Batchelor.’”

“As you like,” Dr. Grey replied, “I suppose

neither will succeed in cheering me up very much."

She did not argue with him but began reading some light passages and soon had his thoughts off himself. Then she picked up Owen Meredith's "Lucille," and read until she showed signs of weariness.

"Put down the book, Salome, and talk to me. I notice, my Alma Mater, the grand old battle-ship, the Oregon, sailed from Hong Kong for Manilla yesterday. I had my heart so set on joining them at the latter place. I think I am chafing under the disappointment more than from my suffering and confinement."

"Yes, but sometime

We shall see how, while we frown and sigh
God's plans go on as best for you and me,
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry
Because His wisdom to the end could see.

"Then be content, poor heart,

God's plans like lillies, pure and white unfold :
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart :
Time will reveal the *calyxes* of gold.' "

"Thank you, Salome," said Dr. Grey, "your words are very consoling. The former pupil will have to become teacher if this weakness continues for many days. Did you not receive a copy of the 'World's Congress of Re-

ligions,' yesterday? Do you read and approve of that Congress?"

"Yes, if our christian religion upon comparison does not far excel them all, then indeed are we a deluded people. Francis Williard tells us that she finds some good in every faith; even the brotherly help in the much condemned Theosophite's life, might be imitated by many uncharitable christians. What man or body of men, is so intellectually compendious, she says, 'as to be able to epitomize life, or where is the institution or human order so comprehensive as to manifest more than a fragment of its meaning? And when we take account of the wide variety of circumstances in which men are born, and the infinitely different experiences through which they pass from birth to maturity, we see how reasonable it is to expect an equal variety in their stock of notions as well as in their mental and moral constitutions. So that it appears quite in the nature of things to look for a state of religious life wherein the principle of variety, which has already overrated by substituting many creeds for one creed, will ultimately displace the creed altogether as a unifying element. When this takes place, the churches will no longer be institutions for perfecting men by making them all think alike, but

they will exist as brotherhoods with different external features, all inspired, according to their several capacities, with high social affection, and intense spiritual life.'"

"You mean 'isms and not creeds, Salome," interrupted Dr. Grey.

"'Thirty-nine articles of belief,'" continued Salome, "'of the most tremendous significance can be passed through the mind as a sieve, leaving scarcely a grain of consciousness behind, but any act of generosity or heroism done in the sight of the humblest person, fills him with a larger sense of existence; and the sorrow that casts its shadow upon the human soul is certain to draw some other heart in to share the gloom and brighten it with the power of sympathy. Can we, then, be wrong in thinking that the secret of a true religious life lies, not in trying to bring our beliefs about the temporal and eternal into line with those of the men who gave the churches their creeds, but is found in the widest reading of the experience of all time; in contact with, not undue subjection to, the best minds; in admitting to the affections the sweet attractions of the purest examples; and, above all these, in the inspiration which quickens the soul with the consciousness of a Greater Soul whom men call God.'"

"It really seems you are getting sacreligious, to the extent of almost denying the divinity of Christ," answered Dr. Grey.

"Indeed I am not. Upon questioning a Jewish friend not long ago, upon the acceptance of our Saviour, she replied: 'Your Saviour is not sufficient. He does not save you from yourselves, we are looking for a Christ that will more firmly unite us by love than yours has; so not the progress of the church but our daily life must win souls to Christ.

"It would be irrational to urge, that because acts of private devotion and the public services of the churches are not invariably what they are intended to be, should be given up. Yet perhaps with greater adaptability to changing circumstances and needs, they might have more spontaneity and truer unction. It is not to be forgotten that the real function of public worship lies in its collective and social ends.

"The weak and infirm may resort to the house of God for the satisfying of their individual needs, and I fear that such attempts as you advocate can only result in rapid sentimentalism, and in substituting for practical regenerative effort, an optimistic living in reverie.

"The danger is there, we admit, but one simple expedient is ever at hand, for avoiding an

eneroated religion. This is to be instant on principle in responding to the duty that lies nearest ; and there is one complete answer to the suspicion of an overleaping ambition. This is in the thought of the man who measures his ideal by the consequences which are expected to follow its embodiment, so as to determine if it has promise of keeping the life at the level of free, intelligent and deeply earnest movement. The motive of the life pictured, is enlargement not dissipation of religious force. What we want embodied in our every day life, are those ideas of the spiritual which most religious people only suffer to exist in the region of their imagination. A religion that is not a mere haze of negational feelings ; but one that has positive aims, only they are not fossilized objects of textual definition, one with living elements of consciousness, — a consciousness that is too various and potential to admit of minute or fixed descriptions. Indeed it is as man is, in his whole nature, not a mechanism, but a growth, urged constantly to a fuller unfolding by the divine principle that pervades the universe.'”

Dr. Grey gazed at her in astonishment. Thinking it best to change the tenor of her thoughts he said.

“Salome, how are the children at the orphan

age, and how are all my old friends? Upon reflection, none of them have visited me since my confinement."

"Indeed," replied Salome, "they make daily and hourly inquiries of your condition. It has not been one of my least duties re-assuring them. I do not need their assistance, nor do I want them to disturb you. As to the children at the orphanage, they are all well except the few who have the measles."

"And you would like to be with them, Salome, and would be but for this trying patient of yours."

Salome's quick glance eagerly sought his face. Did he not realize she was in her seventh heaven? A few months ago all the children in the universe could have died of any contagion and she would have been happy in her present position but a fuller awakening had come to her and self with this much coveted possession, — his presence — was somewhat lost in her desire to serve humanity.

"No, they do not need me," she said, the Directress manages them so nicely."

"Do not refuse my neighbors permission to see me, Salome, I am strong enough."

"We will let Dr. Sheldon decide that," she replied, "now my patient must have his medicine and rest."

As the nurse prepared the mixture, she placed her hands under Dr. Grey's pillow and gently raised his head to enable him to swallow the spoonful she held to his lips. In re-arranging his pillows her hand touched his cheek, and she felt there was a flush on her face she would have given worlds to hide. She thought,

“How will drag the hours when, love, thou art not by !
In vain my mind upon my task is set,
All, all in vain ; I cannot thee forget ;
My thoughts to thee as swallows homeward fly.”

“Go and sing for me, Salome, I am anxious to hear you once more.”

“What shall I sing ?” she asked.

“Your own selection,” replied Dr. Grey.
“The hungry man is never so fastidious in his choice of viands.”

Softly, sweetly she touched the notes of the piano, and Murray's song, “As pants The Wearied Hart,” gently floated into his room from the parlor across the wide reception hall. Then as by inspiration, she sang “Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.”

“‘ O, I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the quiet shade, ’”

And as the rich, miraculous voice poured forth the plaintive notes, he sadly thought:

“ Here now I stand, on life’s outer verge,
Close at my feet an ocean wide and deep,
Dark, sullen, silent, and without a surge,
Where earth’s past myriads lie in dreamless sleep.
’Tis here I stand without a thrill or fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime ;
The broken links of love that bound me here,
Lie scattered on this treacherous shoal of time.
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,
Cling to the glorious scenes that round me lie.

* * * *

“ Idly I seek the future to explore,
I partly know what is, but nought that is before.”



CHAPTER IV.



ONE month had passed and Dr. Grey was able to be lifted to his chair for part every morning. He was more exacting of Salome's time each day than the day before, because he was "so lonely," he thought, and "the child amused and diverted him."

If the soul of the man was awakened; caused to bud and bloom in the chilly atmosphere of solitude, was it not in danger of bringing forth fruit in the exhilarating presence of this radiantly beautiful woman, despite the chilled and benumbed condition, while in the icy clutches of fate that had befallen him?

He watched the door with a childish longing for her entrance and always waited to exchange a few words before even opening his mail.

A live man, — wholly alive — cannot long be content with the emptiness of past dreams and dead hopes.

In his thoughts he held the "dead love" as

sacred as a holy shrine, and fancied the remembrance of his lost idol was sufficient, but his warm, lonely heart cried out against the imposition. If she had taken advantage of his condition and forced her presence and attention on him, it would have disgusted him, but her preoccupied air and intense interest in other people and things, awakened in him a faint streak of jealousy, as much as a nature so noble as his possessed.

He did not know of her offer of herself as a sacrifice upon the altar of duty for his recovery, but he knew that something had come over her, rendering ethereal the exquisiteness of her physical beauty. On this morning, after the male servant lifted him to his invalid chair, she came noiselessly and seated herself by his side. After the attendants had gone to their breakfast, he reached for one of her hands and tenderly clasped it with his uninjured one.

Salome bowed her head in mute sympathy, and placing his arm around her shoulders, he drew her head to his breast.

"My little sister," he said affectionately, "is so patient with me; so delicately attentive in all her ways. Forgive me, Salome, for all my harsh judgment of you in the past. If my own sister could have lived to see you now, she would have been doubly proud of her little girl."

"The provocations were all mine," Salome made reply. "To her dear self, to you and to a devine being I owe my all."

He pressed his cheek to her brow, fully understanding by her last admission her complete control over self.

Ah! did he fancy complete control? At this tempting moment she would have sold, "Esau like," her title to eternal bliss for the privilege of clasping his noble form in her arms and claiming the right to devote her life to him. But God had denied her this and she valiantly picked up life's threads, hoping to, at least, be able to help humanity.

She began breaking the seal of his letters and placing the open sheets before him. After re-reading one from New York, he handed it to her, and said: "Salome, as this concerns you, I will submit it to you." Glancing at the signature she hastily read the following:

My Dear Ulpian: —

"New York, 189—.

I see by the papers you are suffering from broken limbs. I was greatly distressed in hearing of your painful accident, but feel thankful to know you are on the road to recovery. I am just back from an evangelical tour of Scotland, and while in — I met the teacher of your sister's ward, Miss Owen, who never tires of singing the praises of her voice. He knew of its failing her in a trying moment, but said he felt assured she had, e're this regained it.

I am in need of a consecrated singer for my services and to such an one as God has blessed with power, the field is as broad for accomplishing good, as to the minister himself. He told me of her thwarted ambitions and your opposition to her chosen profession, the stage, but, my dear friend, I ask you to let her come and help me to win souls for Christ. The tour comprises many of the largest cities, and with God's blessing we hope to do much good. My wife sings, and will take your ward directly under her charge in our travels.

Awaiting a hasty reply, stating terms, etc., I am,

Your Friend and Schoolmate,

D. L. L."

Salome's hands dropped into her lap and for a few moments she was speechless. Then she arose and paced the room for some time, but eventually returned and knelt beside her guardian. Still she found no utterance from her pent-up feelings until he tenderly placed his hands upon her head: then with brimming eyes, she said:

"My dearest friend, when you were hurt, I promised God that if He spared your life I would fully consecrate myself to His service. But I do not feel His hands leading me in this direction. Of course nothing is to be thought of until your complete recovery, but in searching myself, the only inducement to accept, I find is my dread of loneliness here, after your departure, and the temptation that this position offers me.

I find in this channel no opportunity to do the duty I feel God has assigned me."

"I know not the dictates of your conscience, Salome, or the guidings of the spirit in your life, but may God's richest blessings be yours, and may you be the same brave woman always, that you are today ; rendered stronger doubtless, by your self-will and impetuous, vehement mind which has left the fruit that right training always brings to such natures."

"My home does not bind me here," Salome replied, "neither the orphanage or Jessie and Stanley. For the first, I can appoint a board of directors with an endowment fund, and my brother and sister I can place in a boarding school. But I am not needed to sing to the wealthy in beautiful tabernacles and churches, but to find the lonely waif, as I once was, and save, if only one. The prominence of your friend, Dr. D. L. L., is a temptation to a girl striving to gratify ambition, and a few weeks ago I would have found it difficult to decline. Now it is no temptation to me. I think I read in your face disapproval ; my dearest friend, for your recovery, I promised to obey a higher injunction, and not for your — yes, even your wish, can I do what I do not feel His love directs me to do."

“But, Salome, you may thus be enabled to reach even the lowest. You doubtless would find in this a richer harvest-field than elsewhere.”

“Yes,” she replied, “but your friend will find plenty of sweet-voiced singers glad to accept a position in his quartette, but few will go out to work among the lowly in the by-ways and hedges. O, Dr. Grey! this is not my choice but God’s decree. Give me your blessing.”

“Chid, you have it!” replied Dr. Grey, placing his hand upon her bowed head. “May He guard and guide you in all your undertakings.”



CHAPTER V.



IN that beautiful Italian city, Florence, — beyond which and near the eastern wall, lies one of the sweetest views in the world: the ascending amphitheatre of hills, with the tall eminence of Hiesole in the center, crowned with the monastery in which Milton gathered scenery for his "Paradise." Mr. and Mrs. Granville had decided to stop for a few weeks. They were staying at the beautiful palace, formally the archbishop's, a noble old edifice with vast staircases and resounding arches, and a hall in which you might put any modern hotel.

Muriel, as she followed with quick eyes the places of interest pointed out to her by the guide, found that from her window she could see the room occupied by the bard when writing his sweetest lays. She could count the panes of glass in his windows, and between their own place and this fine, old structure, on the slope of the hill, that was this morning bathed in a

glorious sunshine seen nowhere else as in Italy, lie thirty or forty splendid villas half buried in trees,—among them Madame Catolina's—piled one above another on the steep ascent, with their columns and porticos, as if they were mock temples in a vast terraced garden.

Muriel was supremely happy during the first weeks of her honeymoon, but gradually she was beginning to realize the vapidness of Mr. Granville's character, and but for the hope common to hopeful, trusting womanhood, she would have been completely miserable. But Crashaw says: "Sweet hope! Kind cheat!" and Franklin: "He that lives upon hope will die fasting."

Slowly but surely she was convinced of his proneness to a sporting life. At nearly every city, he had left her alone until the solemn hour of midnight, "visiting," as he explained to her, the "fashionable club-rooms" of the city, but she noticed always when he returned, a restless look on his face that did not betoken the intervening hours well spent. And then, too, the amount they had set apart to cover their expenses, had already been doubled and their tour not half ended. She tried to console herself by thinking he was young, and she was doubly sure her love and care would soon cause

him to give up all such indulgencies. But —

“Thou shalt hear the ‘never, *never*,’ whispered
by the phantom years.”

* * *

“Then a hand shall pass before thee,
Pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage pillow,
To the tears that thou wilt weep.”

Occasionally, men who were known to have been profligates, have been reformed, but where both this evil and the greater deception is practiced, there is little hope. Carlisle was never more mistaken than when he said: “Before no slightest revelation of the God-like does man ever stand irreverant, especially when found in woman. Some natures are so ignoble that no high appeal can ever reach them. The effort to control them by magnanimous motives always fails.”

Lonely to-night, Muriel paces her room; the beautiful bridal chamber in an ancient castle.

Wedded ! How empty the word. Ah !
Better thou wert dead before me !

If she could but pierce the long years, with their neglect, spurned love, reproach, abandement from him, with suspicion, calumny and the phari-saical ostracism she will have to encounter from

the world, surely, she would succumb to this stifling that attacks her tonight. But again deceptive hope bids her dry her eyes, and every fibre of her being is strained to catch the sound of an approaching foot-step or tap at the door.

At fifteen minutes past twelve, a heavy step is heard in the hall-way, but in it she does not recognize the light, quick tread of Gerard Granville of a few months before. Upon his husky demands for admission, she opens the door and admits to her chamber an intoxicated man. Truly, the minister had pronounced them one, and this half of her was drunk, but the other half could not help itself and even if she had made no contract for any such condition, she would have to endure it.

If the minister had asked her in the ceremony if she would promise to live with this other half, provided he made of himself a maniac, — for such, all drunken men are, — do you think she would have said yes? But the phrase “for better or worse” is scarcely heard by the subjects at the altar of marriage, much less understood. No other partnership but that of life is entered into or made binding.

Oh God, how supremely piteous is this condition of the young wife when she first finds herself in the clutches of an intoxicated man!

But for the fact that her husband was hopelessly drunk and soon snoring on a lovely silken divan, we would have to draw the curtain, but as he is too dead to see or hear us, for the benefit of our charity let us spend this one night with this beautifully arrayed bride.

Take the lovely carnations from her hair, her hot, throbbing temples will wither them. Remove the light airy dress and place something warm around her shoulders, for they are cold and clammy. Smooth back her hair and braid it for the night, her own trembling hands will not permit her to do it. Loose and draw off her gaiters and place upon her feet some soft warm slippers, for she cannot lie down and she must be kept warm. Don't try to console her, you might do better offering solace to the victim who has missed heaven. Do not caress her, all kisses hence forward, to her, will be mockery. But stay with her because she has never been alone with a drunken man before. Stay with her because you whom fate has placed differently need it, so that in act and word you will treat her with more consideration.

At five o'clock, Mr. Granville awakened from his stupor to find his wife in a deep swoon on the Persian rug at the opposite side of the room from him. As he perceived her he started up,

passed his hands over his eyes in order to comprehend the situation. With vividness, he remembered the early hour of the night before, but after that all was oblivion. "Ah," he thought, "I have fallen at last! In all other vices I have indulged but guarded myself so strenuously in regard to intoxicants."

He rushed to his wife's side amid all these thoughts, lifted and bore her limp form to her bed. Then after vain efforts to restore her, called the servant and ordered a physician. Before the doctor arrived she had revived and went into nervous hysterics when she beheld Mr. Granville — himself again — nursing her so tenderly.

"You won't do so any more, will you darling?" she faltered, holding tightly to his hand.

All sorts of promises were made, but when he sealed them with a kiss, she instinctively turned her head away from him. A surprised expression on his face ended in a wrathful one, while he thought, "I will bear any rebuke just now, I must get this matter quieted."

The doctor took in the situation at a glance and gave the patient an opiate, knowing that rest and sleep would somewhat restore her to her former self.

Next morning found her able to rise, and al-

though they had planned to remain in Florence for several days, she prevailed upon him to continue their sight-seeing in another country.



CHAPTER VI.

“ Ripling laughter, waves of perfume,
Starry flowers, gleams of light ;
Whispering breezes, flashing fountains,
Song of birds, make day so bright.”



UGENE Morris repeated these lines as he hastily strode across Madison Square park, New York city, to catch a car for “down town.” He was apparently thirty years of age, black hair and eyes, but complexion fair, bleached from incessant office work. He was above the medium height, robust—a veritable athlete in appearance—but with manners as refined and ways as gentle as a woman’s. His square cut chin denoted vitality of life, his high broad forehead, mental capacity, and his open, expressive face, great integrity of character.

“Ah,” thought he, “how nature awakens and responds to any outside influence, but man, in God’s own image, hugs to his bosom the old,—be it sweet or bitter—loth to part with fami-

liar scenes though he knows the change will produce grand results."

Eugene Morris was one of the law firm of Morris and Chilton, located in Greater New York. His partner was an older man, a noted criminal lawyer, but Morris preferred the civic practice. Success had abundantly crowned his efforts and to-day, at the age of thirty, he found himself a well-to-do man with a practice doubling itself in remuneration every year.

Having to battle for an education, he found no time in early life for heart affairs, and finding himself insensible to the charms of woman at the age of twenty-four, he did not seek or care to enter society. He was wedded to and happy in his profession.

At his partner's home he sometimes attended dinners and receptions, but always at such times, felt flattered by the attentions shown him by both Mrs. Chilton and her beautiful daughter, Ione. They could not penetrate his reserve, however, and if Miss Chilton had designs on his heart, she found it hard to execute them. That man has a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold,

logical engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order. Such was Eugene Morris, but how long he will stand we shall see.

One evening in June he attended an unusually large reception at the Chilton's. As he drove down Broadway he felt alone in the world, and once inside the capacious, elegant home of his host, among the guests who looked so happy, he felt indeed homeless. After greetings were over, he passed down the line with the throng and soon found himself seated in a distant corner.

"Ah! Mr. Morris," exclaimed Ione, pouncing upon him, "you are the very picture of misery. Come with me and meet some, or many, of these delightful people."

He accompanied her through the rooms, bowing and returning salutations until he felt tired of it all, and suggested to Ione, very much to her delight, that they "visit the conservatory." While there, a lady and her partner passed them and the tired, troubled, worried look that she gave expression to, as soon as she felt screened by the tropical plants, attracted his attention, and he asked Ione who "they were."

"O that is Mr. Granville and his bride just back from their wedding tour of the East. Were gone two months — such a delightful trip I

know — I think them such an ideal couple. He is several years her senior, but that is only the better. I heard her guardian, — she was an orphan, you know — opposed her marrying so young but I think he did right by eventually acceding to their wishes, for I am sure she could never have made a more commendable choice.”

Eugene, with his keen intellect and deep, practical insight into human nature, did not reply for a few moments. No such expression as he saw on Mrs. Granville’s face ever came over that of a happy bride. At length he asked :

“ How old is Mr. Granville ? ”

“ About thirty, I suppose,” answered his companion.

“ And his wife, how old is she ? ”

“ She is only eighteen, I believe.”

“ And do you consider her old enough to assume the solemn responsibilities of a wife ? ” inquired Mr. Morris.

“ Certainly,” replied Ione, “ she is two years older than my mother was when she married father.”

If she could have known his thoughts just then, a climax in their friendship would have been reached, for he was wondering if a stronger mother could not have bequeathed to this daughter less frivolity.

“Do you oppose early marriages, Mr. Morris? At what age do you consider a young lady marriageable?”

“That depends upon the young lady herself,” he replied, “maturity in mind, body and affections, being attained by some much earlier than others. I notice a great deal is being said by the press in regard to a certain lady and Dr. J—’s plan for forcing all men over thirty-five to marry. Not more, but fewer and better marriages are needed. I would not force anyone to take this solemn obligation, but ask law-makers to, in some way, restrain the vicious and ignorant, from meaningless assumption of the holy bonds of wedlock.

Have an educational statute requiring all applicants to comply with certain rules in regard to health and education, with a distinct knowledge of the demands to be made upon them in the special walks in life they will be called upon to fill. Nothing short of universal compulsory education will accomplish it, with conscientious, earnest law-makers to enforce it.”

“You would take all the romance out of life, Mr. Morris.”

“Indeed I would not,” he quickly replied, “the fatal effects of the largely prevailing ignorance of the seriousness of life, soon robs it of

the roseate hue, with no foundation for the tender sentiment to be recolored."

"Do you believe in marriage of short acquaintance," asked Ione.

"Never!" Men and women should be independent of each other for a sustenance, which they will be when they are given equal advantages and privileges in addressing each other, for often, woman's life is a ruinous failure because in no way, admissible to the present rules of society, can she reveal her feelings to the man she loves, and who would feel complimented and enough satisfied with her genuine worth, to be willing to form a life partnership with her.

For such is the only true marriage. Not the petted, whimsical woman clinging to the man for the satisfaction of such whims, or the lordly supremacy of the man, because wrongly construed scripture has all these centuries given him such, but a healthy partnership, each finding in the other that which nature failed to give them in their own make-up, — her weaker physical self leaning upon him — while his, more inclined to err moral nature, finds in her a gently restraining influence.

When this reformation comes about, there will be no marriages for convenience, but only a

uniting of the two when life proves unbearable separated."

Ione saw in this man little chance for the frivolous society girl, seeking position and ease, and consequently turned her replies into sarcasm, ridiculing him for his extreme views and ended by asking permission to know the impossible divinity when he found her.

"Not impossible, Miss Chilton, I do not blame men and women for what they are, but censure environments. Neither are convicted of a weakness, but each have proven their ability to reach any given height."

Refreshments were announced and many eyes of admiration and inquiry were turned upon Ione and her handsome, dignified partner as they led the way to the dining-room.

The emptiness of her surroundings, for the first time in life, impressed her and she wished she had been given a more practical view of the "fitness of the actors upon the vast stage."

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The blood of folly without father bred
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys.


* * *

"Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity.

* * *

"Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a Master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by."

CHAPTER VII.

“OULD you like to drive over to Solitude this morning, Dr. Grey?” asked Salome, “notwithstanding its owners are gone, the servants are there, and you will doubtless feel invigorated.”

Salome had put the question to him in a subdued tone, and he hesitated before answering her. Then looking, seemingly beyond her, out upon the beautiful morning he replied :

“I do not know, Salome. Three months ago I bid farewell to all there, and launched my barque expecting to — the balance of my life — sail in different waters. But an omnipotent, all-wise Father has taken hold of the helm. I at first patiently submitted and now cheerfully abide His will.”

“Your doctor thinks you able and recommends that you be in the open air a great deal,” Salome answered. “We will take nurse and he, with the driver, can assist you in and out of the carriage. Your wounds are so nicely healed,

that you will get much benefit driving over the smooth roads, if we go slowly."

Glancing up at her face, did he detect any of the old self asserting authority? If so, one pleading look from that pale, emaciated, noble countenance, thoroughly put it to shame and caused the newly awakened woman to view with much regret the feeling that deprivation and disappointment had engendered and fostered. But she wanted him to go and wanted to go with him. Her main object was to see how far she had conquered herself.

She brought a light wrap for his shoulders and his broad shade hat, but did not offer to get his green glasses for, if possible, she wished to catch every fleeting expression of his face as he once more beheld the old walks around "Solitude," and the beautiful tomb of his lost love.

He succeeded in getting into the carriage without pain, but from weakness and a sense of dizziness he ran his arm through hers to brace himself. As he neared the old, familiar grounds, he unclasped his hand from her arm, feeling it a sacrilege to touch any other woman in presence of the ashes of his loved one. The old bitter feeling did not take possession of Salome, but instead a yearning sympathy that in its betrayal to Dr. Grey's penetrating eyes, enhanced in his estimation, her worth ten fold.

So long as no living woman could claim him, all was well. She was willing that he grieve for the dead. Hope could build a monument out of ashes, but live flesh and blood intercepted all chance of raising an edifice of her own.

Then she probed her very soul with the trying question: "Am I still hopeful of gaining his love; or will I uncomplainingly assume the lot God has assigned me,—a busy laborer in the rich harvest fields!" The glorious reward of such a life she tried to think, fully repaid her for all sacrifice, but the woman's heart would soon shrivel of very emptiness.

Was Salome unnatural? She had used any and all tactics to succeed, with a devotion so true that she was willing to suffer if only permitted a look, a word, or to wait upon him, the balance of her life; *for all true love is servile.*

"Open the gate, Robert, and drive to the Mausoleum. I shall not attempt to alight."

Salome knew this to be the trying moment. If after an absence of three months, he could calmly view the grave of his lost love, his heart was somewhat mastered.

As they rounded the walks and came in view of the pile of masonry, Dr. Grey's face took on an ashen hue, but no word escaped him. As the carriage stopped, Salome handed him a box,

containing lovely lillies and jasmins, to have the driver place upon the grave.

Dr. Grey was surprised, and fully appreciated the effort the act had cost her, admiring the stern honesty that forbade her getting out of the carriage and placing them herself, for as she opened the box she said : "See what lovely flowers these are. I thought you would like to place them upon her grave."

After the flowers were arranged and he had gazed wistfully and mournfully in every direction, as if expecting his white-faced idol to beckon him from some dark shady nook, or wave her transparent hand to join her among the white crested waves that were chasing each other around the boat-house, he motioned Robert to drive on.

Salome considered his thoughts too sacred to be interrupted, so neither spoke until her own lovely home and the steeples of the orphanage came in sight, and then only of the commonplace things of the day. But after he was safely in his room and the nurse had retired, he said :

"My sister, you and the children are the only ties I have on earth. God has seen fit to so order it. I question not the decree. You are very, very dear to me, for in you I behold a perpetuation of my precious Jane's well wrought

life work. Through your submission to God, I have witnessed with much joy your mastery over self ; but, Salome, more trying hours will come, old ambition will re-assert itself, you will be lonely, for you will find few congenial natures. But you shall have my prayers and with your own, God's strength will never fail you. I would have preferred you going with the evangelist, for he would have directed and shielded you, but it is best for you to obey the dictations of your own conscience. I shall join a party in the Adirondacks next month, if I continue to improve, and we shall both miss our sympathetic confidential talks.

Mr. Granville and wife are back in New York for the summer. Miss Dexter, despite the exciting scenes of the revolution in Cuba, continues to improve, and I must hasten to get well, and rejoin my fleet as it reaches the Western Coast.

If Miss Dexter ever returns, I wish her to have "Solitude," and will forward her the deeds. Doubtless Muriel and Gerard will join her there for a part of each year. At Miss Dexter's death the property goes to the orphanage. My old home I will leave with your older brothers. Lease the land and give them four years in school. Give Jessie and Stanley a collegiate

education, as you have commenced with them so young, and if Stanley continues the inclination he now shows for the profession, I would feel complimented if you made of him a physician.

Write me long letters, Salome, and tell me all your plans. I cannot say now, as a little while ago, that I would be glad to know that you had given your heart to some good man. Very few natures are as strong as yours, and you would be unhappy without at least your equal. That which weighs heaviest on my mind, is no inclination on your part, to attach yourself to any church.

Of course I would be glad to have you choose the church of my ancestors, but yours is a nature most useful left free to follow your own inclination in Christ."

"I believe I shall be most useful as I am," answered Salome, "letting sects and schisms alone for people who can find no christian work to do."

"You are mistaken. Organized churches and the assembling ourselves together, are Christ's most direct teaching."

"But in all he advises moderation," Salome answered impulsively. "The things of benefit to fellow man are overlooked or discarded in

this mad rush for show and excitement. Their own beliefs are a measure for every man's faith, and by priest and laymen, his right and jurisdiction is bought with 'Ceaser's own.' Some of them are fast becoming a papacy, clearly short of the 'infallability of the Pope,' and from the 'sublime to the ridiculous.' I have no desire to have what God graciously permits me to do, eulogized by church papers as done by the wife of some notable, or the relict of some departed great man. I cannot draw the line between that and some useful man's tombstone recording his life as the husband of some society leader."

A smile flitted across Dr. Grey's face as he remembered reading such an obituary notice a few days since. He had never appreciated the similitude before.

"If I should give you ten thousand dollars, Salome, what would you do with it?" he asked.

With the honesty and joyousness of a child, she exclaimed: "I would build an industrial school for boys."

"Then I shall give you the 'Old Homestead,'" and also, equal in money, all state and individual donations that you can secure."

Salome clasped his uninjured hand in both her own and covered it with kisses, but he with-

drew it in a hesitating manner and said: "If you repay all donors in a like way, I fear you will frighten some and attract whole droves of bachelors."

Unconscious of his little rebuke, she replied:

"You dear soul! How did you detect my heart's wishes? Did I not tell you of that subtle power 'spiritual telegraphy' that influences and aids us in divining the minds of others? Doubtless after I had entertained these thoughts all day and had sunk in a dreamy slumber, they were transmitted to you, and for hours you were kept awake, listening to the clicking of the spiritual telegraph operator; just what or whom we do not know, probably some departed loved one. And now the grandest aim of my life, that I had kept so secret, has been revealed to you, and by your noble, generous self made possible." Salome kissed his hand again and again while the warm tears of gratitude blurred her eyes.

"I have realized for many years this much needed reform," answered Dr. Grey, "but failed to execute the inspiration. 'The Miller's daughter' will yet prove a polished instrument to carry out the work I have so much wanted done. Ambition dictated the adjustment of matters many years to suit personal ends. Gage says, 'life once awakened spiritually to the ac-

quaintance of its higher self, solves the theory of divine leading. The personality, having only a limited range of vision, seeks to order all things according to its will. The spiritual has a clearer and larger outlook.

It comprehends at once the great purpose of life, and adjusts itself accordingly. It perceives the confusion of the plans and desires of the personality, which, seeing so little of the great design, makes many needless mistakes. It sees that, rather than compel matters to do its bidding, all that is necessary is to open itself to the instruction of life, the great teacher; that its one end is to unfold; that this must be conscious; that it can only unfold through service, and can only get by giving. It finds its happiness in simply being. It sees that all is well; that sorrow, sickness, and poverty are merely bug-a-boo's to intimidate the personal. It rejoices in the universal truth, beauty, and goodness.'

All this, Salome, he says, 'is characteristic of the higher nature. It is like an upper parlor that is kept closed and darkened. It is the privilege of all to live in this beautiful place, with its luxurious appointments and clear, extensive out-look, or to dwell in the crowded, musty basement where so many spend their lives.'

Further, he says, 'when we realize this, what shall we think of the conflict of life? We demonstrate our power as forcibly in disease and unpleasant surroundings as in health and opulence, for in the former instance, we use our power blindly; in the latter, wisely. We can never truly live until we come out of the dense cloud of ignorance in which we have been intellectually buried. We have but to make the decision and we find ourselves free to enter to limitless garden of Eden.' Natural law, in the Spiritual world clearly demonstrated. As hygienic laws govern the natural, so faith, and pure living, the spiritual."

"I fear our conversation has wearied my patient," said Salome, "let me arrange your lounge and read you to sleep."



CHAPTER VIII.



NE by one the days had followed each other in quick succession until now the last had arrived, and Dr. Grey was to depart for New York on the midnight train.

Salome bid him good night at a late hour the previous evening and retired to her room not to sleep, but to seclude herself from all eyes save those of a sympathizing Heavenly Father.

Added to the heat of the season, her aching heart made respiration difficult, so she threw wide open the tall french windows of her room and seated herself behind the crimson plush screen, made gayer by the strutting peacock and smaller domestic fowles painted by her own hands at a time when she had no less love and less hope than to-day.

From this position no night promenader could see her as she gazed upon the beautiful moonlit earth and watched the brightening stars as the lovely crescent slowly sank behind the tall

mountain in the declining hours of the night. All this but added to the darkness of her life, and in contrasting her innerself with the brightness of nature she unconsciously arose, and as she did so knocked over a vase of fresh cut flowers, the shattering of the vase making known to any one in the house, not yet asleep, her wakefulness. Dr. Grey heard and knew the meaning though he dare not make inquiries or intrude, but clasped his hands in silent supplication to the Comforter of lonely lives.

At an early hour he arose, dressed himself and with the help of his crutch, crossed the lawn and seated himself on a rustic bench entirely screened by white clematis vines. To his right, at the foot of the terrace, several yards away, almost hidden by a sweet-brier hedge, he discovered Salome hastily pacing the walk. The sheer pink muslin robe, loosely girdled by a crimson cord, revealing the lovely contour of her figure, was proof that she had donned it the night before.

The dress was unclasped, the lace falling away in soft folds revealing a neck rivaling in beauty a faultlessly carved statue. One sleeve was pinned at the shoulder, her white dimpled arm that tapered to the tips of her pink fingers clasping the other behind her head; the raven hair was

half uncoiled and careless ringlets were falling over face and neck; and with soulful, victorious eyes that bespoke the caging of all predisposed nature, she paused and gazed long and wistfully at the murky sun battling his way through hazy clouds, sending forth his life giving rays whether or not intervening nature defeated his object. As she stood there, a sweet assurance of divine aid came to her, and turning, met the cause of her inward struggle hobbling as best he could toward her.

He was wearing this morning, a white sailor suit, and his pale emaciated face, together with his affliction, lent to him a ghostly appearance. All selfishness was turned to sympathy and she rushed forward to, in some way, assist him along. As she pitied his physical, so he pitied her sentimental being, and a strange sense of dependence and support took possession of both.

One crutch was laid down and he leaned heavily on the arm whose loveliness, the hastily lowered sleeve shut from view, but not from memory.

“Salome,” he at last said,

“If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
Than praise the right

* * *

“Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess

That even though silent I have not the less
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
 With the large future which I shaped for thee,
 When years ago, beside the summer sea,
 White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
 Opposed alone its massive quietude,
 Calm as a fate, with not a leaf-vine now
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moon-shine
 Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
 That night scene by the sea prophetic,
 (For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
 And through her pictures human fate divines.)
 That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink —
 In murmuring rout upspringing clear and tall,
 In the white light of heaven, the type of one
 Who, momentarily by Error's hosts assailed,
 Stands strong as a truth, in greaves of granite mailed :

 And sometimes you ' will hear over all
 The angels say, Well done ! ' ' '

" Nay, Dr. Grey," Salome answered. " My
 friend,

" Was of a gentler nature, and his heart,
 Gushed like a river-fountain of the hills,
 Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,
 A word of welcome, or a tone of love.

* * *

" and above
 Life's sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,
 Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold

Of the eternal promise of God,
And steadfast in its faith ! ”

“ By example, Salome, you have sent me forth

Strengthened to suffer, gifted to subdue
The might of human passion, to pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of manhood, and to turn
The high ambition
From its first dream of power and human fame,
Unto a task of seeming lowliness —
Yet God-like in its purpose.”

“ And Salome, your cause will be as noble as,

“ He that went forth
To bind the broken-spirit — to pluck back
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut —
To place the spiritual image of a God
Holy and just and true, before the eye
Of the dark-minded Brahmin, and unseal
The holy pages of the Book of life,
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all
The sacred tones of Vedas — to unbind
The widow from her sacrifice, and save
The perishing infant from the worshipped river.”

“ But,” again Salome answered,

“ Who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Knowledge of those immortal plants that bloom ? ”

“ Nay,” replied Dr. Grey,

“ All the means of action —
The shapeless masses, the materials —

Lie everywhere about us. What we need
 Is the celestial fire to change the flint
 Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
 That fire is genius ! The rude peasant sits
 At evening in his empty cot, and draws
 With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
 And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
 He takes the charcoal from the peasants' hand,
 And, by the magic of his touch at once
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
 And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
 It gleams a diamond ! Even thus transformed,
 Rude popular traditions and old tales
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
 Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
 Who had but a nights lodging for his pains."

Salome remained silent for a moment, then made answer:

" As men from men
 Do, in the constitution of their souls,
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
 And as we fall by various ways and sink
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,
 Through manifold degrees of grief and shame ;
 So manifold and various are the ways
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
 Of all infirmity, and tending all
 To the same point, attainable by all —
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our God."

Dr. Grey could hardly control his feelings,

but at last clasping Salome's hand lovingly, he said: "My sister, my sweet sister, if a name

"Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears but tenderness to answer mine.
Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There are yet two things in my destiny —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee."

"When I am old, Salome, and my life work done, let me come back to this land of my birth and with you and the children to stand around me, breathe my last."

"For heaven's sake, exclaimed Salome, do not cause my heart to burst this morning! If I thought I would behold you no more until the final parting, I fear I should faint by the wayside."

If she had not felt his dependence upon her for support, doubtless she would have succumbed to this paralyzing grief at once, but sometimes God's afflictions serve as a brace to our otherwise inefficient selves.

Their walk came to a terminus beside a small artificial lake, and Dr. Grey suggested they rest in the vine-covered summer-house that shut from view all but the sheet of water in front of them.

Salome took a seat at his feet, leaned her head

against his knees, and burst into a flood of grief. One of her hands were tightly clasped in his and with his other he smoothed the hair away from her temple,

The lake stretched away for one hundred yards or so in front of them ; a pair of white swans and numerous white ducks floated lazily on its bosom ; ferns and broad-leafed caladiums covered the banks, producing a tropical effect, and the flowers of the moon vine covering the lattice over their heads, had not yet closed its petals. Roses and carnations bloomed in abundance all around, making the morning air heavy with incense from their charitable hearts. Nature is not slow to respond to care-taking touches, but man's heart often proves adamant to the most thorough tilling ; loving, hands failing to produce any response, but the touch of other icy fingers rendering verdant the parched desert.

Struggling rays of sunshine pierced the dark clouds in the east, and were playing at hide and seek all around them. Not a word was spoken for fully an hour and even then, Dr. Grey did not try to calm her grief. He knew her heart would suffer less if allowed to give vent, to tears. Did he have a temptation to take her to his heart and be content, as he

thought, with this morsel left him? His soul cried out in emptiness, but he fancied his self-respect depended on his being true to his dead love.

He talked to her long and tenderly of herself and the children, then after he had suggested they return to breakfast, he placed his arm around her and imprinted one long, passionate kiss on her lips, the only woman's lips, beside mother and sisters, warm with life, he had ever kissed.

Again came the impulse to yield, but the sternness in his nature yielded not to the beseechings of his heart, so they arose, and leaning heavily upon her arm, returned to the house. Into Salome's heart, through this one act, crept an assurance that he loved her and that thought alone, would render easier the separation.

All day long people came and went bidding "Good-bye" and "God speed" to their beloved doctor. Finally, night came and in order to keep the children up until his departure all assembled in the library. Salome played her softest, sweetest airs, her very fingers wringing music from the keys, in keeping with her heart. At length when he asked her to sing a favorite song, she poured forth her soul in such exquisite strains that for a moment, he imagined some celestial being had winged its flight from heaven to still

his aching heart. As the last notes echoed through the house, he placed his hand on her head, and said : " God has indeed lavished his blessings on you, Salome, and may you ever be mindful of your duty to him. May you prove a 'wanderer from Altruria.' "

" be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony !
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense ! "

" Your wonderful voice would fill with ambition any woman, and may that true development and expansion of the individual, which must be the purpose of true life, come to you. ' Humankind being so mysteriously linked together that what we give out returns to us again as surely as the echo comes back from the rock.' "

He put both his hands over hers and pressed them so hard that the print of the keys were left on her palms, then on hearing the carriage at the door hastily bade them a formal farewell, and with the driver's help climbed into the carriage.

CHAPTER IX.



ONE month after the Chilton reception, Eugene Morris accompanied Ione to see Bernhardt. "The materialism, luxury and vanities, rivaling Rome, when its debauchery culminated, and when its pride was the precursor of its fall."

Near their box in this magnificent theatre were the Granville's. A bow of recognition was exchanged between Muriel, Ione and her escort, but Granville did not notice them. During the intervals of the play, Morris made Granville's countenance a study and soon drew a hasty but correct opinion of his character.

Why he should feel an unusual interest in these people he did not know, for he found Granville's face repugnant to him and Muriel's so positively miserable that it was pitiable. Still he could not rid himself of the interest they first awakened. His eyes wandered in their direction and alighted on them so often that finally, Ione playfully rallied him on the subject.

Mr. Granville had left Muriel's side at the end of every act and Morris noticed that his step became less elastic each time he returned. At the commencement of the last act he did not return at all and at the conclusion, Muriel was embarrassingly left standing alone in that vast audience.

Mr. Morris, with a significant look, detained Ione, and when most of the throng had passed out, they made their way to Mrs. Granville's side and graciously asked permission to see her to her carriage. Neither gave the "white lie" that probably her husband was unwell, but quietly passed out, and when Muriel was seated in her carriage she feelingly pressed their hands and bade the driver hasten to her hotel.

The next morning at a ridiculously early hour, Mr. Granville sought his wife's room, and there remained, in a drunken stupor, the balance of the day. She was no longer the Muriel of former days, bitterness was entering her soul and her heart was turning to stone.

John Milton, great and good John Milton so far forgot himself as to pray, in so many words, that "his enemies might be eternally thrown down into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, there to be the undermost and most dejected, the lowest down vassals of perdition!" And

Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say, in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted, or fried, or baked, or stewed, or boiled, or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" If John Milton, or Martin Luther could come down to such scurrility, what may you not expect from frail, deceived woman? The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the Wedding March, all the odor of the orange blossoms, and the benediction of the pastor, there had been no marriage.

Man had done all required on the occasion but, where was God's part? "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The love Muriel once thought would stand all time was turning to hate, and not only was her happiness at stake, but her soul.

"Life is a fluid red as wine, fraught with the azone of hope, carried to a heart of love and hate, which sends it forth to nourish the tissues of faith or doubt, — its pulsations in and out, systole and diastole — until hate has no further compensation, dilatation and its function ceases, or love has winged life away."

From across the court in the beautiful hotel, while Muriel hastily promenaded up and down

in front of her door on the morning following her abandonment at the theatre, there floated the words of some sweet singer whose voice at times was almost drowned by the full notes of the piano.

“ ‘Not the waste drops of thy cup o’erflowing

* * *

“ ‘Give as He gave to thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever,
Through the burnt sand that rewards not the giver;
Silent and songful thou nearest the sea,

Though thy heart be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary
Though from its pulses a faint-*miserere*
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate.

Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
’Tis the stern hymn of eternity’s ocean;
Hear ! and in silence thy future await.’ ”

Listening to the song, Ione tried to renew her courage, and entered her room with new resolves to suffer on in secrecy, thinking, like most women, that no one knew but herself. But how quickly these new formed resolutions faded into nothingness when again in her husband’s presence ? This time she tried the efficacy of a “curtain-lecture,” the next, gentle persuasion

varied with coaxing, the vocabulary which is known to women alone. From bad to worse he went with an accelerated velocity surprising to the hardened reprobate. He continually asked Muriel for large sums of money and sometimes gave a half way reasonable excuse for such demands, but oftener than otherwise, refused to give any.

Doubtless most any of her intimate friends could have told her how to effect his reform and had she applied many of the sermons, she would have found herself the sole instigation of his downfall. But happily for her, she did not hear them and consequently did not upbraid herself as a criminal.

To-day she received a letter from Dr. Grey, saying he had put her business affairs in the hands of Morris and Chilton, trusted friends of his, as he expected soon to rejoin his fleet, hinting in a gentle manner a little more economy, as her bank account had diminished quite rapidly during the few months of her married life. How she longed to tell him all! But as he did not mention the route he would take to his destination she had little hopes of seeing him soon, if ever. All entreaties on her part, all promises to reform on her husband's, availed naught. She could not be so far untrue to her-

self as to longer effect any love or even respect, for him, as his first greetings and last words were generally bitter oaths, with threats often, of personal violence, which, this afternoon, he put into effect by knocking her senseless with his walking cane, and after several days confinement her mind was forced to seek the only outlet for a solution of this dreadful problem.

Yes, she would leave him. She would effect a separation, for her promise of fidelity did not include in its category any license for him to murder her body and destroy her soul, and while not in so rapid and violent a manner, how often do we grant men such a license, in letting them, by slow degrees, rob wife of both life and heaven! But the spirit of pulpit and press force her to this total annihilation. With the exception of Dwight L. Moody, — than whom no living evangelist has done more good — how many prominent ministers can you find that not even approve of a separation.

He says, in plain English, that "women should be divorced from such moral lepers." "But," answers some one, "you will break up so many homes!" "Ah!" replied he, "they are not homes but hells, and ought to be broken up."

The "leader" of New York's "Four Hundred"

insists that all divorced men and women, be ostracised from their number. Some one remarks : "What will you do with the bold flirts and libertines who make marriage a mockery in God's sight?" If not guilty of divorce are they not guilty of leading a dual life.

Muriel Granville, the bride of four months, as soon as she was able to leave her bed with the servant's help, packed her trunks and ordered them taken to a railroad station, thus hoping to elude her husband if he pursued her later, but when once they were there she hastily ordered them removed to a quiet suburban hotel, and engaged apartments for one month. She could not leave New York without conferring with her attorneys, for no doubt Dr. Grey had by this time, sailed, thus leaving her alone and helpless in this unfriendly world, dishonoring most of all, the woman whose husband fails to honor her, she who is suffering the multiplied tortures of a living purgatory, will find the coals heaped upon her and the sulphuric blazes fanned to an insurmountable height by Anglo-Saxon civilization and pretended followers of Christ. Will the people of India not realize sooner, — despite their gross ignorance — than boasted civilization, the cruelty and heartlessness of their treatment of wronged

womanhood? Every little paper, and small rostrum speaker sneeringly alludes to the divorced woman.

Early the following morning she wrote Morris & Chilton a note of inquiry, enclosing Dr. Grey's letter, and asked for an interview at their office or at her hotel. Mr. Chilton being absent from town, Morris replied to her note, saying that "for the sake of his warm admiration and friendship for Dr. Grey, he would call to see her at three o'clock that afternoon," and promptly at the designated hour his card was sent up. Muriel tremblingly met him in the private parlor. He had not heard of her elopement, and consequently was painfully shocked but not surprised when she told in her very first words that "she had quitted her husband."

Boundless pity took possession of him as he gazed at the delicate, almost childish wife before him, — wife in name only, for surely Christ did not mean her like, when he spoke of "those whom God had joined together."

Dr. Grey had told her that her new legal advisers were gentlemen, his friends, and to fully trust them in all her dealings with them; so with a childish confidence she told Eugene Morris all, and asked his counsel.

"I cannot advise you," he said, "until I try

to find Dr. Grey by wire. Your husband draws from your account by checks signed, he says, by yourself. And as to the managing of your property, he has sufficient control of that to prevent you disposing of it without his signature."

"I have signed no checks since we were married," replied Muriel. "I supposed we were living off his income. As to the finances, it does not matter. Let him have all the money he wants, I will have plenty on which to live a secluded life."

Very few more words were exchanged. Morris bade her adieu and hastened to a telegraph office, to find, if in America, Dr. Grey.

"Live a secluded life." How the words had haunted her ever since she uttered them. Like a ghost of some horrid past, her imagination beheld herself the cynosure of all eyes and suspiciously scrutinized by every stranger.

At first she was overwhelmed, but her latent powers were soon aroused and she was womanly but firm in every conviction of what she thought was right.

One conclusion was soon reached "she would never live with Gerard Granville again!" And after that a second but more important one was determined upon. She would be a live, healthy "grass widow," disdaining to let any

man rob her of the right to live joyously on this beautiful earth where God had created her ; for what purpose she could not see now, unless, to try some new seething caldron, and by her own flesh and blood make it less hot for the next one immersed. If so, His purpose would be fulfilled, and she would not doubt, but by faith, hold on to His dear hand.

Eugene Morris remained at the telegraph office until night but failed to reach Dr. Grey. When returning home, he stopped at his office and found there a card, announcing a personal call from his friend, during his absence and without delay he hastened to visit Dr. Grey at the hotel designated on the card.

Slowly and gently the news concerning Muriel was broken to the doctor, but so horrified and distressed was he, that Morris feared to leave him alone so early in his convalescence, offering to spend the night with him, which was graciously accepted and Dr. Grey somewhat vented his feelings by a long, free conversation with Morris.

“Live with him again, indeed she shall not !” exclaimed Dr. Grey, before his old conservative ideas were consulted, but then, such ideas are for other people and not intended to punish his own loved ones, for he had never entertained

for one moment that this debasing condition in life would ever come so near his own home. True, Muriel was no relative, but she had become very dear to him and he would let no man abuse her. People had better be sure all their female relatives are dead, or have a guarantee of no more brutal husbands before they too openly denounce the divorce system.

Muriel was surprised at a summons to the parlor at an early hour next morning, to meet Mr. Morris, and on entering, perceiving Dr. Grey, she threw up her hands and fell to the floor in a deep swoon from which she was aroused too weak to talk. Mr. Morris bore her in his arms to her own apartments, and then Dr. Grey excused him by promising to call at his office as soon as he could leave Mrs. Granville.

Every time she tried to talk, she would begin to gasp. Dr. Grey begged her to be quite and not exert herself, assuring her he knew all her troubles and did not blame her.

“You do not know all, Dr. Grey, you cannot! No one but God and I know all.”

Dr. Grey arose to administer an opiate and in crossing the room, she noticed for the first time, his limp and also his emaciated face.

With a heart yearning with pity she endeav-

ored to rally, forgetting in a degree her own suffering, for there is no surer cure, for the ills of this life, than a sympathizing heart and an interest in other's afflictions.

On perceiving this the doctor talked to her of other things and in a small measure restored her to her former self. All day long he sat by her bed and held her little soft hand. Once in raising her arm to her head, her sleeve fell away, and to his indignation, he beheld two dark bruises on the upper arm.

Now he could fully realize just why people committed rash acts of vengeance. He felt that if he had Granville in his power he could strangle him, but the second thought showed him the futility of indulging in such degrading thoughts, and he pitied any man so lost to all the nobler and holier instincts of life.

"Have you formed any plans for the future, Muriel?" he asked, in a gentle, kindly voice.

"I suppose I shall have to live in some boarding-house," she replied, "or find a companion in some elderly lady, for I cannot live alone. Oh, my sainted mother! Why did you not take me with you?" She began to sob, Dr. Grey remaining silent until she had calmed.

"I want to, for the present, send you to Salome, Muriel. Will you go?"

"O, Dr. Grey! you know she does not like me and I would be intruding where I am not wanted.

"You will find Salome very much changed," he replied. "She has fully dedicated her life to philanthropic, christian work, and I will vouch for it, that she will feel complimented in being allowed to be your guardian and consoler."

"When shall I go?" she asked.

"At your earliest convenience, Muriel. Only evil and not good, will come of your remaining here. This city, I suppose, will be Granville's home, as his property is here, and the further away you can be from all scenes of your life with him, the better you will be. And now, Muriel, if you feel strong enough to remain alone to-night, I will leave you, and try to arrange your business with Mr. Morris that your departure south may be hastened." He gently touched her forehead with his lips, and left her feeling more painfully her condition, than the night before.

Ah, poor girl! You will do this every day you live, until you cease to live in the past, or give any thoughts to the future, but accept God's decree. "If I have erred, then indeed has my Father erred in fashioning me not aright." Dr. Grey sent Salome a telegram announcing Muri-

el's return to her former home, and asked her to entertain her. Then two hours of that night were spent penning her a long letter, giving in detail all he knew of their trouble.

Of course the telegram astonished and greatly alarmed Salome, but she knew nothing more until the arrival of his letter. She answered the telegram urging Muriel to be her guest for an indefinite time, knowing full well that Dr. Grey was taking no unjustifiable step, and she relied unreservedly on his judgement.

Matters were hastily arranged and three days after, Muriel bade adieu to Gotham and fled, an exile, to the South.

What a benefit to the charity of humanity it would be, if they could only for one hour experience her feelings, as she started on her lonely trip.



CHAPTER X.



R. GREY'S letter preceeded Muriel, giving Salome time to recover from the shock, have in readiness a room adjoining hers, and open her heart to the more than waif on love's narrow, sparsley, inhabited island.

She met Muriel at the depot and received her with open arms. When once inside the carriage Muriel sought relief in tears, sobbing out her grief on Salome's shoulder.

"Could she ever measure human nature again?" she thought to herself as she beheld in this once willful rebellious, sarcastic girl, a lovely sympathizing woman, and Granville whom she had thought all devotion and gentleness, transformed into a villian.

Salome encouraged Muriel to tell her all, knowing she would feel relieved of a great burden when she had some one else to share her sorrow.

At the house, the servants and all callers were

told why Mrs. Granville returned — so there was no attempted secrecy which always magnifies matters many times.

The second morning after her arrival, Salome called to her in a sweet winning manner, to “don her hat and accompany her to the orphanage.”

She had rather have remained at home and mope, but she could not refuse this new-found friend, so without any preoccupied air about her she was led out by Stanley and Jessie to visit those not worse, but differently situated in this world. The drive was pleasant and exhilarating, and all alighted with a degree of joyousness attendant upon any appreciation of God’s lavish blessings.

Not with jealousy, but wonder, did she notice the welcome accorded Salome. The loving smile of Directress and those in charge, down to the lowest servant, and the rush of the children to meet her, convinced Muriel that there was more in life, than living one’s own pleasure.

Next they visited the sick wards, distributing flowers and dainties among the little sufferers. Truly, as she had hoped, the morning’s experience was an advantage to Muriel, making her in a small measure, forget her sorrow and long to aid suffering humanity to combat with life,

They returned at a late hour and Salome, finding her mail awaiting her, broke the seal of a letter she knew to be from Dr. Grey, and eagerly devoured its contents. As it concerned Muriel more than herself, she, after arising and apcing the room for several moments in order to compose herself, called to her friend and read the following :

“ My Dear Salome : —

“ New York

Say to Muriel that I to-day instituted a suit for divorce. Can you believe this, although my signature is appended. I, Dr. Grey, who all my life have held in such abhorrence the divorce laws, actually asking of man to do that for me, — which I have always affirmed they could not do. Do not infer that I yet believe in marrying again, but helpless woman must have some protection. By no other means can Muriel defend herself from her husband’s mischievous tongue, or assume entire control of her property, for if you remember, a very large investment was consumated the morning following their marriage, and although it was mostly done in his name, her money paid for it. This includes a very large per cent of her possession and she cannot get control of it, or dispose of it, until the law gives her this right. And beside, I cannot bear the idea of her bearing his name, or being linked to such a baseness of life. It always seemed right and to sunder the ties, a violation of God’s law when it was others. It does not seem right, or the latter when it is mine.

“ O would some power the gift give us
To se others as we see ourselves.”

“ That ye will not to do, ye do ; and that ye will do, ye do not. No more will I criticise, or dictate to others until I have passed

through the same experience, for otherwise we cannot know how to advise. We cannot well put ourselves in the other one's place until fate puts us there. I know you will do your utmost to win Muriel to another life, and may God's richest blessings attend you both. Remember me to the boys—a dozen kisses for Jessie.

Your Friend,

ULPIAN GREY."

Muriel remained silent for several minutes. At length Salome said to her. "Do you object to Dr. Grey's proceeding?"

"No," Muriel answered, "I cannot object to anything he thinks for the best, for he is so much wiser and better than myself that it would be preposterous for me to even offer a suggestion. If I had heeded his wishes I would not have let my love for Gerard control me. But I, by my ceaseless devotion, prevailed upon him to yield to my marriage, which he did against his better judgment, though he had nothing to base his dislike upon but Gerard's fickleness. I would have preferred just being separated, but he knows best and I shall, this time, gracefully yield to his decision.

"Will you answer him, or shall I?" Salome asked.

"Please, my sweet friend, do it for me. I could not sufficiently collect myself to word a

letter, much less write one. I will give directions to the maid while you write."

"I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
'That God is good ; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp — better with love a crust,
Than living in dishonor, envies not
Nor loses faith in man ; but does his best,

* * *

" he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

For in her marriage, the highest bond of all, Muriel had ceased to see the mystic union which is its own guarantee of indissolubleness, had ceased even to see the obligation of a voluntary pledge ; had she not proved that the things to which she had bound herself were impossible, and was she under any obligation before her God to keep and perform the holy pledges that she instinctively gave, not dreaming that he was securing them from her, under false pretences?

The next morning being the Sabbath, they began early to make preparations to attend Sunday School and worship in the chapel at the Orphanage.

Salome was beginning to find God in everything. Every duty performed was worship to her, and to-day as they drove down the beautiful avenue, the poets words ;

“ Were I, Oh God, in churchless land remaining,
Far from the voice of teacher or divine ;
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priest, Sermon, shrine.”

came to her, and with mute lips she poured out her adoration to the “Giver of all beautiful gifts.”

God’s love is best appreciated by those who are most sensitive to their need of it. It is when we are sick we value a physician’s presence and ministry. It is when we have lost our way, that we welcome a skilled guide. It is when the darkness has shut in about us, that we are cheered by an incoming light. It is when our hearts are crushed and bleeding, that love’s tenderness and sympathy are most grateful and refreshing to us. It is in hours of bereavement and sorrow, that we are able to realize, as never before, how truly our Saviour is Physician and Guide and Light and Friend and Love and Peace, and this realization is a blessing unspeakable, whatever be its cost to the soul.

Salome took her place in the chapel, and had the superintendent assign a class to Muriel—

a class of five boys under the ages of ten. Muriel demurred, preferring a place in Salome's class, but the latter knew that in leading others she would fully experience her own faith.

Salome's delicate attention awakened a new chord in Muriel's heart, for,

“Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed. We meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of endless possession and with head-strong will ;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream and still ;
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcome it aright, or — bitter fate —
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart
That love we cry, is more cruel than hate,
And then, ah, me ! When love has ceased to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness !”

* * * *

“We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us lying on our mother's breast —
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since, silence sings it best ;
A love as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire ;
A love to bear on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.”

Muriel had known no woman's love except

Miss Dexter's, and for some reason she could not lean on her as on Salome, or, she did not need the tenderness then as now. After services were over, the older brothers joined them and were driven over in the carriage to take dinner and spend the remainder of the day with their sister.

Muriel inquired of the boys about the "Old Homestead," entering fully into details of all the improvements they had made, and ended by promising to visit them soon and see some fine sheep Dr. Grey had sent the day before.

They seemed so interested in their work and surroundings, that Salome a little dreaded to make known Dr. Grey's wishes relative to their college courses. But they received it submissively, and plans were laid to enter in September, the State Polytechnic Institute.



CHAPTER XI.



WHEN Gerard Granville returned to his hotel after Muriel's flight, he was too much intoxicated to notice her absence, and with the champagne already imbibed, and that which he continued to have the servants bring him, one week elapsed before he was sobered sufficiently to notice surroundings.

With an oath, he called to her to bring him his cane, but no answer came. Again he called in a louder voice but no Muriel was this time frightened into obeying. "Obey," how detestable the word! What a relic of barbarism; instead of joining them together, or they "whom God, had joined together" uniting as happy comrades, one of them making promise to obey, mattered not what the order is, for no specifications are given as to letting her not obey if the order is a wicked one.

Paul says, "obey your husband in the lord," but human agencies, that take upon themselves this solemn duty, fails to use the prefix.

Muriel, by this time is half way to her destination and beyond the reach of his blood-curdling oaths. The servant soon appeared and calmly told him that his wife had been gone a week.

“Gone !” thundered he, “How dare she without my consent ! I will let her know a wife’s duty when she returns.”

“But she does not intend to return,” the servant replied. “She took her trunks and left, she said, for ‘parts unknown.’”

“What do you mean, you scoundrel, by telling me that Mrs. Granville would do such a thing as leave me for good !”

“That is just what she said,” the agitated servant replied, “I am only delivering her message.”

“Leave my presence, sir !” roared Mr. Granville who was by this time in a towering rage. He began examining the room. Strange, what a few words it takes sometimes to sober a man. Horrified, he found that not one vestige of his wife’s belongings remained, and thinking of her as the pliable girl in her teens, it also occurred to him, that, probably she received at his hands such tempering in a furnace, —greivous afflictions by which men are tried, —.that had hardened ten times her nature ; and that she

was no longer to be turned and twisted to suit his perverse nature, or to serve as a guilding for the two the minister had declared "one," and that now probably, only the iron in her nature was left,—which would serve as a barrier to all entreaties from him, and, if not so beautiful, fit her for becoming a strong shaft in the temple of human life's built for the Maker. May she not make of herself the "goldbeater's skin" to women in like affliction.

"Where love is duty on the female side

On theirs, mere sensual gust and sought with surly pride."

Mr. Granville forgot all about his cane, but ordered more wine and made himself dead drunk. Doubtless some blamed his wife for his drinking in the outset, and no doubt some of her own sex in the hotel, now publicly denounced her for not staying with him, and probably she could have saved him from this drunk, at least.

By invitation, Eugene Morris dined with the Chilton's a week after Muriel's departure. Mr. Chilton had not returned, consequently Muriel's flight and Dr. Grey's subsequent proceedings against Mr. Granville were news to them, and at the mentioning of the divorce, Mrs. Chilton held up her hands in holy horror.

"Of course, Mr. Morris, you do not believe in

divorce ? You do not advocate them ? you simply serve your client."

"I never advise them," he replied, "but if I had a sister so situated, then I certainly would, for I do believe in them and find it the only remedy in certain cases. There are worse things than divorce. Constant bickerings, and the entire neglect of duty in either party could not make of them twain, but simply one pulling forward while the other made of themselves, a weight of immovable proportions about the other's feet. Christ's spirit cannot dwell where the very air is laden with the foul odor of intoxicants, and blue with profanity."

"But this is not Christ's teaching," replied Mrs. Chilton.

"Christ's teaching," said Morris, "applied to His time, — while of course it is sufficient for all time — still His teaching was to the class of that day. Do you believe that a God of His love and tender mercy, would require an innocent girl to go through such torture as thousands are undergoing ? We are horrified at the people of India for committing to the flames the girlish relict of the dead man ! Countless thousands in christendom are worse tortured daily. We bind them to the rack and hold them there, each thankful to be relieved of the painful task of a

few hours watching the victim, and enter our own abode, washing our hands of the whole affair, then "thank God we are not as they!"

"As to Paul, he acknowledged himself, that 'there were times when he did not know whether he had the Spirit of God or not,' and I think he was surely out of the spirit in dealing with women. Any way, the great bulk of civilized and enlightened nations recognize and even enact into law, the right of people to be divorced under certain circumstances.

"I like Martin Luther's maxim: 'The right of private interpretation of the Scriptures.' Many of the old Bible lessons have been accepted literally by us, rather than in the deeper meaning involved, for we would not treat our criminals according to some of the ancient notions of God's justice. Dealing with human nature makes us more of latitudinarians, believing in a rational, natural religion, for there is a broad distinction between religion and theology.

"I think that love should be the only bond to force two people to live together, I do not believe one person should be a slave for another, especially by law.

"But Mrs. Chilton, I fully realize the haphazard of a woman braving the opinions of the clergy and the world on this critical point, and to

attempt it, one must, in the language of the poet, 'Have triple bars around the heart, become insensible to the shafts of calumny, and concentrate within one's self all the warmth of one's sentiments.' For the world offers no compensation to the one who feels that the chief relation of their lives has been no more than a mistake." "You make the case extremely pitiful, Mr. Morris," Mrs. Chilton answered.

"Indeed, it is pitiful: What I object to is, the part out-siders play, and then call it God's work. The man and woman who agree within them-selves, giving all the sacred promises of an engagement, are as truly married as they who take the public vows, and nothing is said should either party break off before these public vows are made.

"If joined by God, are they not so, or is it simply man's ceremony that is recognized by Him? Will you not agree with me that we are all at sea in the discernment of just who God has joined together?"

"What made Dr. Grey willing to take this proceeding, Mr. Morris?"

"The first law of nature, self preservation," Morris replied, "and next, the preservation of those entrusted to his care."

Dinner was announced and Mrs. Chilton led

the way to the dining room. Conversation was turned to the current topics of the day, and after the meal was served, she excused herself on the plea of "headache," thus leaving Morris alone with Ione.


To her, his presence was sufficient, for already she had conceived for him a passion that startled herself in its vehemence. As she watched with what calmness and self possession he talked to her, she almost hated herself for allowing her feelings to so far overwhelm her.

If she had only known, he would have respected her none the less had she addressed him

"I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn;
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot in scorn
Could tread them out in the darkness utterly,
It might be well, perhaps."



CHAPTER XII.

“URIEL, I want you to accompany me to the State Capitol next week, so get both your travelling dress and your most becoming street dress ready, for we are going before the Senate to ask a donation for our school.”

“O, Salome!” Muriel exclaimed. “You know I cannot do that, I will help you in your philanthropic work among the people here, but I cannot subject myself to the remarks of an unthinking public.”

“Are you going to seclude yourself because of other’s sins?” asked Salome, “in doing this you acknowledge some guilt. Have you the right to take God’s piece of handiwork and render it useless? Your body—God’s own temple, given over to seclusion, and morbid sensibility! Make of yourself a healthy example for the countless numbers of your sex, alike situated, that the coming ages will produce. For no ostracism, seclusion, or bitter denunciation

by the press and clergy, will erase this evil until men and women better understand themselves and human nature. So just at present we must exert ourselves to the utmost to succeed in our enterprise. And to reach and control men at large, woman has always found her safest and surest channel through becoming dress and good looks. Despite all their assertions to the contrary, an ounce of helpless beauty controls men further than any amount of practicability, or sound common sense in woman.

So let us combine both dress and good looks — pardon the vanity, Muriel — and what those Senators will not do from a sense of duty, probably they will do, because two handsome, well dressed women asked them to."

Muriel knew this speech, so foreign to Salome, was intended principally to amuse her, but she could not help admitting to herself that there was a vein of *truth* in it all.

"We shall not have to charm any home contributors, for self-interest, both financial and for the betterment of surroundings, will prompt them to subscribe. This afternoon we will visit the town of ———, and get business men interested. After that the prosperous land-owners of the surrounding country."

Muriel offered no further demur, but entered

fully and heartily into the work. Do not imagine for one moment she did not suffer! There were times when she felt her heart must burst. Carrying the gospel to the heathen would have been a much lighter cross to her. The happy domestic scenes in many of the homes visited by them, made the emptiness of her own life more real, but her daily prayer was "for God to benumb every tender sensibility, and let the iron that had entered her soul pierce her whole sentimental being."

They succeeded in getting the ten thousand dollars contributed by Dr. Grey quadrupled, and with hearts as light as the ominous surroundings permitted, they boarded the train for the capitol. Letters of introduction from prominent men of their community, proceeded them, and they were met at the depot by their own representative, a friend of Dr. Grey's."

Lovely quarters in a fashionable hotel were selected, and Salome entered into the laborious work of trying to get a philanthropic bill favorably voted upon, by, at least a majority. This was the first school of its kind asked for in the state, and she met the same, and probably more opposition than most such measures have encountered.

State indebtedness was the strongest barrier

to overcome with the body of legislators, but with the minority, that which might kill the bill in its final passage, was ignorance, local prejudice and the dread of not knowing just how their *constituence* would receive it.

In the committee room it got "pigeon-holed," but with unflinching zeal, Salome worked and pleaded individually with every member to reconsider the measure, until they yielded.

And now it would come up before them and a final report be made. True, she had found strong friends to the bill in some of the body, but how she longed for an eloquent representative to plead with the others.

All her life, defeat was a hated word to her, and now that the cause was grand, and the results for good unbounded if she but succeeded, her whole being was strung up to its highest pitch.

Until ten o'clock she received callers, both ladies and gentlemen interested in her noble work. As she was bidding adieu to the chairman of the committee, she said: "Will you allow me to make an address to-morrow?"

With an incredible smile, the chairman glanced up at her strong but youthful face, and answered: "With pleasure. I will give you a hearing."

Until three o'clock in the morning she paced her room, heedless of all Muriel's entreaties to retire. At that hour she threw off her handsome dress, donned her night-robe and with a fixed determination bordering on victory written on her face, she knelt, said a short prayer, then sank upon her couch and was soon lost to the exciting scenes of the day in dreamless slumber.

At eight the next morning Muriel awoke her with a shower of kisses on cheeks, forehead, and lips, but when Salome opened her eyes, Muriel experienced that old feeling of fear of her, for since her return she had not seen so plainly the "Salome of old."

As she looked into her eyes and shrank back, Salome read her thoughts and her face broke in to a gentle smile.

"Do not be alarmed, Muriel, God only does his part, and I must bring my strongest nature, to help in the matter, so if the willful Salome appears upon the scene to-day, remember she will not be needed long, and you will soon have your same friend."

Salome, to please more the eyes of the Senators than herself, donned a shimmering black satin, the clinging folds of the close fitting skirt became her height, the bodice, ornamented with rich lace and jet, revealed the graceful curves of her

well developed figure and bust seemingly formed of nature's softest mold. The tight-fitting sleeve drawn taut over the plump arm revealed the rounded wrist and long graceful fingers, bespeaking in a degree the training, if not the birth of a lady of leisure.

Muriel wore a soft gray woolen dress, rendered elegant by its trimmings of gray silk and steel ornaments. All the city was acquainted of the presence of the two ladies for the purpose of asking a donation for their school, but only the committee and a few other friends knew them to be girls, one of them in her teens.

The senators who had been apprised of the measure before them, expected some middle-aged spinsters, and when the two, possessing such different styles of beauty, swept into the senate chamber, all eyes were turned in admiration upon them. The admiring glances soon strayed from Muriel's face to watch with intentness the exquisitely beautiful and expressive one of Salome. With flashing eyes she took in the surroundings and proceedings. Finally, when the time came, and she was asked to plead her cause, without fright she arose, advanced to the desk near by and in front of her, and said :

"Mr. Chairman and Senators. The "Outlook" tells us that, 'one sign of the times is the rapid-

ly growing recognition of the necessity of thorough education in all the branches of practical work.' The necessity of training for the professions has been recognized for centuries; but it has been assumed, especially in this country, that success in practical pursuits depended on natural sagacity and force. In Europe, where competition is keener and natural opportunities are not so great, people have been learning very rapidly in the last two generations, that the man in business needs education as much as the man in the professions or the arts.

"Germany, so long the home of scholarship for its own sake, so easily the educational leader of the world, without lowering the standard of her universities, has been supplementing them with a series of technical institutions directed especially to teaching men how to apply science to business. England has felt keenly the competition of Germany during the last two decades; it has been a matter of discussion in the newspapers by notes of warning from English consuls from all parts of the East, and South America, and of anxious deliberation in Parliament as well as out of it. The rapid growth of Germany as a commercial nation has been due, as the English believe, to the superiority of its commercial and technical education.

“Mr. Chairman, that education is of recent origin, but with their immense experience as educators, and with their keen perception of the opportunities which were offered to modern Germany, the Germans have developed their education on the practical side with great rapidity and with characteristic thoroughness. Through their technical schools, they have been able to avail themselves practically of their resources in the way of scientific knowledge; through their commercial schools, they are training themselves for the specific work of business in all parts of the world.

“To meet a competition which is essentially educational in its origin and character, the English have been organizing technical and commercial education. A number of institutions have been opened in different parts of the country during the last few years; and the establishment of the new University at Birmingham, the great manufacturing metropolis of England, marks another stage in this movement. If the object of this institution were to substitute a purely practical or, bread and butter ideal of education for the spiritual ideal which has so long prevailed at Oxford and Cambridge, it would be looked upon with distrust and misgiving; but Birmingham does not mean to compete with the old universities.

“The new institution will not develop a new ideal of education, but gives opportunity of education along practical lines for practical men — men who cannot secure the advantages of the older and more generous culture.

“Mr. Chairman, philosophy, the classics, mathematics, history and physics, has but a small place in the new institution, but the applied sciences, medicine, surgery, public health — concentrate the great bulk of the teaching energy and force. Special attention is paid to the department of commercial education. — Commercial law, geography, political economy as it relates to commerce and the modern languages. This is a broadly utilitarian conception; and if it were aggressive, it might seem to jeopardize the higher interests of English civilization; but it is apparently the working down of education from the higher to the lower branches, in recognition of the fact that not only the man in the arts and professions needs education, but the man in business as well.

“If Lord Kitchener subdues Khartoum, there could be no better memorial to the brave and noble Gordon than a donation from England for an extensive college in the conquered province. If, by intervention, by arbitration, or arms, we interfere in behalf of the oppressed

Islands of Spain, neither of which would mean defeat, for the Spanish rule—our bounden duty would be to give them free institutions of learning.'

"Andrew D. White tells us, 'it is a duty of society itself, a duty it cannot throw off, to see that the stock of talent and genius in each generation may have a chance for development, that it may be added to the world's stock and aid in the world work.'

"David Starr Jordan says, of his work in Minnesota, 'In 1887 I addressed the students of the University, and ten years later, I again stood on the same platform. In 1887 a few hundred students were housed in rude barracks, with a few teachers and scanty appliances.

"In 1897 there stood a magnificent university that would in no wise stand in shame if brought in comparison with Cambridge or Oxford or the still broader and sounder universities of Germany. Beautiful buildings, trained professors, adequate appliances, all gathered together by the common people; all the work of the state, all part of the system of public schools with upward of two thousand students actually there in person, the controlling percentage of the young men and women of college age in the state. In this university to-day is written the history of Minnesota for

the next century. It is an inspiring history, a history of freedom, of self-reliance, of wisdom and self-restraint.' He says, he 'looked forward to the day when the six hundred girls should, most of them, be centers of Minnesota homes, homes of culture, homes of power in the noble influences of which the work of the university should be multiplied a hundred fold.' Then he says, he 'blessed the wisdom of the fathers for making our State Universities, schools for women as for men. With thoroughness of training, must go sympathy and skill; the highest function of such schools, is the formation of character, the training of men and women, in purity and strength, in sweetness and light.

"What is a man good for without professional enthusiasm? Concentrating upon it all his energies, and loving it with an ardor that almost ignores the existence of any other. It is only thus that he can achieve excellence or eminence.'

"We come to beg of you, Mr. Chairman, a handsome donation to supplement a very neat sum we already have, for the purpose of building a school. Not like any of these, but one similar to Girard College of Philadelphia, for the out-casts and orphans of our state. Our state agricultural and Industrial schools meet a long felt want,

but still they do not reach the class I am pleading for. In these schools boys and girls receive only free tuition, and are patronized by a class of people able to meet a portion of their children's education ; but in numberless homes of squalor throughout our own loved State, are bright, aspiring boys and girls dwaddling away their youth in want, misery, and crime. Will you extend a helping hand to the more favored ones, and at the same time, refuse to assist those forsaken by humanity, and as you, in purity feel, accursed of God ?

“The income derived from the handsome estate given by a friend of the friendless, for this purpose, will sustain one hundred pupils per year with the labor being done by their own hands and rigid economy practiced as in many of our schools.

“ I come, Mr. Chairman and Senators, to beseech you to increase the fifty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand. Do this, and God will inspire some noble natures to bequeath us handsome endowment funds, and years to come, with circumference as widening as the domains of humanity, and an influence as powerful as wisdom ever proves, you and your ancestors will behold a monument, incomparable in grandeur to any terrestrial structure, for it will be a structure of

beautiful human souls forming a chain from the very throne of God to the lowly down trodden ones of earth. If you have doubts of the ability of children so situated to reach a given height, behold in your humble petitioner, the possibilities of the lowliest, if snatched from vicious surroundings in time, and placed in loving hands. Painful to me is the rehearsal of these facts, but if by this painful publicity, I convince one of you, then indeed am I repaid."

"from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
That by our own right hand it must be wrought ;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low,"

* * *

"We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise upright, valiant, not a servile band
Who are to judge of danger which they fear
And honor which they do not understand."

"Guess they are out husband hunting," whispered a cynical, bald-headed bachelor, one who doubtless would have made even Paul blush.

"I like the little one best, so much gentleness depicted in her face. A fellow could manage her to his own suiting," was the reply. Both of them being from the backwoods district, had

secured their membership of the committee on education only by a political pull. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn, but we think all 'hades' is alive with rejoicing." No surer tool has his "satanic majesty," than a wicked political schemer; dead to all higher motives than holding his office and "filling his coffers." He becomes by defeating humanitarian measures, more diabolical than the barbarian ruler who beheads his subjects. When will the enlightened nation awake to the grave subject of electing to office, men and not representatives of their party?

Salome had quietly seated herself and was congratulated by the committee, all of whom had become thoroughly converted and were now ardent friends of the bill, except the two bald-headed bachelors, who no doubt were made so by the refusal of some brunette in her teens a very uncertain number of years ago, judging from the aversion displayed by them to Salome.

A dignified man, his hair white with the snow of many winters, arose, and enthusiastically begged the committee to give the bill, without a dissenting voice, a favorable report.

Salome's youth, beauty and self-disinterestedness had awakened a responsive cord in every heart save the two with whom time, plus whiskey,

had disported himself in picking their fiery-skinned craniums, or, the integument of their brain shells, had, like all other nature "abhorred the vacuum."

For half an hour he made an impassioned appeal to them, but when the final vote was taken, there were two dissenting votes, the bill receiving a favorable endorsement of the majority. It was reported and put on the calendar to be heard on its passage.

The press gave full notice of the proceedings in the committee room, publishing verbatim, Salome's address, and on the morning of the passage of the bill the gallery was filled with the beauty and intellect of the Capitol City.

Shortly before the opening Salome and Muriel were escorted to prominent seats in the gallery by the Chairman of the committee. Muriel followed closely at his heels endeavoring to thus screen herself from the gaze of the throng but Salome, with a preoccupied air, followed several paces in the rear. In fashionable attire with the air of a duchess her beauty never shone to better advantage. One distinguishing feature of her dress was the lack of plumage on her head, but instead, a close fitting sailor cap that added piquancy to her otherwise queenly beauty.

This had been noticed by the opposite sex

throughout her stay in their city, and was openly approved by all of them ; for if the dying cries of the feathered songsters that bedecked this audience could be heard above the whispering din, women would have been first to turn her attention to her own cruel death-dealing frivolity, before venturing upon the graver issues of the day. Beautiful aigrett's, which the mother heron produces only during nesting, and the plucking of which causes her death, leaving motherless the helpless young, waved in indian fashion throughout the audience. The nose and ear-rings of the indian race have been discarded, — probably because of the pain to the wearer, — but the bedecking increases more rapidly than the other decreases.

Muriel did not like to look at Salome this morning, there was too much of the "old dreaded self" about her. The gentleman seated them, extended his hand to each, and slowly wended his way through the crowd to his place in the senate room. With piercing, willful eyes, Salome took in surroundings. Like many more pious souls, she had not yet learned fully the true meaning of "Thy will, not mine be done." But it is to be hoped she will never take for God's will for what is simply neglected duty.

Our two crustaceous friends were represented by a colleague, tall and angular, the weight of whose oratory consisted mainly in gestures and sarcasm. Finally the Speaker's gavel produced silence, and the bill of so much importance to Salome, — the inspired forerunner — who was suffering mentally and spiritually all the tortures of unborn generations, and countless, down-trodden, helpless children, was taken up, and for two hours the speeches pro and con waged hotly. Numerous baskets of flowers were previously distributed among the audience by the local friends to the bill, and these were showered upon the noble men who had espoused the cause and worked so hard for its passage. At length, when the final vote was taken, and all but three voted in its favor, the hand-clapping was deafening and threatened being continuous.

Members of the committee first and senators next, crowded around Salome, extending congratulations and receiving tearful thanks. She was no longer the Salome that entered the house, for as sorrow and chastenings render sweet some souls, hers was made so by success.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Katskill Mountains

September 30, 1897.

My dear Salome : —

“ I have just finished reading your speech before the Educational Committee of the Senate in my own beloved, native state. I am gratified beyond measure because of your determination and will-power to carry to perfection your undertaking. I would have been distressed had my sister, at your age or any age, have even dreamed of undertaking such a responsibility ; but times change, and men change with them.

I will not let my conservative views, entertained through all my earlier years, preserve from innovation the fossilized belief, for radical changes have come, and come to stay. Men do not beget the day, but the day begets the man.

When I gave you the Homestead, with ten thousand dollars and a promise of Solitude at Miss Dexter's death, for the purpose of building a school for boys, I had no idea of the magnitude of the one you were dreaming of. I know without requesting you, that you will preserve intact the family residence and grounds. Use them for a home for the president of the institution.

If you have not otherwise decided, I would suggest that the new buildings be erected in the beautiful grove fronting, my boyhood home. There, underneath their massive branches, where from my earliest rollicks to the maturer days when in idle lounging, I dreamt the future fight of life, it would be a glorious cul-

mination to all my wishes to see erected, not useless ornamental shafts to my precious Jane's memory, but structures of learning, the influence of which would be as the wave set in motion by the tiny pebble, until the concentric circle burst upon the shores of eternity.

Mr. Morris, Muriel's lawyer, will write for her affidavit. As soon as possible, have it taken, for when that is attended to, I shall make arrangements to join my fleet, for the hostile feelings that are daily increasing toward the Spanish misrule in Cuba, may soon bring my services into urgent demand.

Tell Muriel her letter was duly received, and that I will answer soon. She writes appreciative words of your kind treatment to her. My health is considerably improved; I walk without my crutch now. I will make out and forward you immediately the deeds, and then you can transfer them to the school. Use tact in selecting committees, and with all haste urge the matter through.

May God bless you abundantly for your interest in others; you will find in your school, some too lost to good, or void of any ambition to improve, but careful tillage will soon erase from the earth, most of the tares and a rich harvest of bright minds and elevated souls will reward you.

Remember me to the boys. Give my love to Muriel and the children and accept, my sister's ward, the portion due you. Hoping to hear from you soon I am,

Yours Truly,

ULPIAN GREY."

Taking Dr. Grey at his word, Salome lost no time in furthering her plans. A competent, responsible local committee, was appointed to work with the senate committee and arrangements were discussed and plans drawn up

subject to a final inspection by the promoter. The ground in the oak grove designated by Dr. Grey, was surveyed and a handsome iron fence placed around it. The felling of the trees in way of the proposed buildings seemed like desecration, and Salome longed to see them replaced by the structures themselves.

The massive red brick walls as they slowly grew, lumber and loose material of all kinds scattered over the once beautiful lawn, made alive by the sturdy workmen, with bared arms and sun-browned faces, wrought in all beholders a sense of enlargement and progression. Salome viewed the scene, rendered deafening by the noise of saw and hammer, then crossed the road, entered the grounds of the old home, most loved of all earthly homes by her, because of both the pain and pleasure she had experienced there. She wandered around and climbed up in the fork of the same tree from which she had just descended when the "interloper" changed the whole texture of her life.

In imagination she beheld him with his manly, military bearing crossing the lawn to greet her, and remembered with flushing cheeks the many pains she had caused him. Again she heard Miss Jane's gentle remonstrances and excuses for her short-comings and she knew that

to her, of all others, she owed what she was ; for aside from the material aid rendered her, Miss Jane's faith in her was the compelling power to nobler actions.

“ He that forever warns me
Of dangers in my way,
Who doubts my strength to meet them
And bids me ever stay,
May truly seek to shield me,
May wish me well, but he
Whose faith is inspiration
He is the friend for me.”

In her hand she held Dr. Grey's letter. She had buried her face in its folds and kissed the signature until it was rumped beyond his recognition. In every sentence and word, she had sought the hundredth time for just a hint of his feelings being changed toward her, but defeat of hope rewarded every reading. Still she was not without a belief that it was obtainable, but,

“ She hoped humbly, and with trembling pinions soared.”

Far across the fields and into the heart of the wood-land she could see the path that led her home from the sea, on the night of the painful meeting with Dr. Grey. And Muriel ! How she had misjudged her, and how she repented now having caused her one pain in past years.

If we only knew the sorrow that comes to each heart, we would inflict no wound; if we only knew the circumstances surrounding, we would blame less the transgressor. If her heart lacked love and sympathy toward her family in her early years, she was atoning for it now by opening her heart fully to them and all humanity. She blamed her parents for bequeathing to her poverty and ignorance, but to-day she recognized the fact that they had imparted to her ambition and power to succeed, and for the first time in her life she blessed the name of her father, cried out in tender yearning for a mother's love, and thanked God he had created her.

There is no better place for one to get on the right road, than the one at which we started wrong, and here in the tree-fork where her first evil passions were begotten, came to her pure contrition, and the noblest resolves of her life.

As she agilely descended to mother earth, she thought with amusement of what Miss Jane would say if she could see her in her becoming bicycle-suit this morning. Her short gray skirt reached the top of her gaiters, jaunty jacket of the same material unbuttoned in front revealed the red vest and collar; and with tie and cap the same color as the dress, hair blown in curls

and frizzes around face and neck; the former somewhat sunburnt, and cheeks crimson from the excitement of her ride, there could be no better specimen of a well mind and soul in a healthy body. But all this she knew would be lost sight of by Aunt Jane in her consternation at beholding a young lady so rigged out.

The boys being absent in the meadow, she called to the faithful dog, that loved so much his absent master, stooped down and laid her cheek against his neck because she had often seen Dr. Grey place his hand there. "He has gone from us," she said, while caressing him, "but some time he will return."

She visited the farm-yard, the sheep and Jerseys in the clover lot, and then with aching heart mounted the wheel and started homeward.

Before she reached the house, she met Muriel and the children coming to meet her. Dismounting, she gave Stanley the wheel, placed her arm around Muriel's waist and with Jessie's hand in hers they slowly walked on drinking in the beauties of the morning, both of them looking as clear as


"Morning roses newly washed with dew."

Salome tried to be cheerful, but since he had gone,

“ The robin’s note had touched a minor strain
The old songs breathe a sad refrain
And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
Since he had gone, ”



CHAPTER XIV.

“HAD a long letter from Miss Dexter this morning Salome, her pictures of the suffering Cubans are terrible. She says that fully seventy-five per cent of helpless women, children and non-combatant men affected by cruel Weyler's starvation policies are dead, and that in spite of Gen. Blanco's more humane orders, the mortality continues to be frightful.' She does not seem alarmed about herself; does not dread the ravages of the fever, or fear an invasion of Havana by the insurgents; is much improved in health and thinks, 'but for the cruelty and tyranny of Spain, Cuba would be a great, natural, infirmary for weak lungs.'

“With an introduction from Dr. Grey, she paid her respects to our much admired and truly beloved by all southerners — Consul General Lee?

“They were schoolmates one term, you know, Salome, and since Lee's prominence in his fear-

less criticism of Spanish cruelty in Cuba, Dr. Grey often related little anecdotes of their school-life, that plainly revealed the inherent bravery, and fearless sense of right in Lee when a boy. I wish Miss Dexter would leave Cuba; I shall insist on her returning to our own southern coast for the winter, if she thinks she cannot brave the climate further north. She says 'all Americans are held in distrust by the Spaniards, which renders it extremely critical for them to live there,' but she seems to have no fear of any thing. Poor dear! I think she feels her days are numbered and cares not how or where the remainder are spent, dreading nothing only inability to perform a seeming duty. I know her heart aches, and it will shorten her days to have to witness so much torture and suffering and be unable to alleviate it.

"Our own Mrs. Thurston proved this by succumbing on her short visit among the reconcentrados. She says, 'General Blanco has attempted to overthrow the revolutionary cause by trying to induce General Gomez to leave the island, but the patriot scorns to be bribed with a life pension and a safe retreat.' I honor him for his patriotism to his native land, but I cannot understand why Miss Dexter persists in exposing herself to dangers, when her presence in no way eradicates them."

“Has she any funds of her own?” asked Salome.

“Yes, a few thousand dollars, but what is that toward helping a starving nation?”

“Distributed with care and judgement by her own hands, Muriel, it will feed many starving ones. Her barque is launched with other hands at the oar, she will get safely into port; and the earlier the helmsman sights the other landing, the more she will rejoice.”

“And, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;

* * * *

“Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn
And suffering under many a perilous wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!”

After repeating these lines to Muriel, Salome drew her closer to her and talked of other things. Stanley preceeded them, and rode briskly up the wide terrace, Jessie bounded away to watch the minnows in the pool around the fountain that sent its sprays, sparkling like a million diamonds

in the rays of sunshine that were playing at hide and seek in their bold endeavor to pierce the thick-leaved elms, as they waved and turned in the October breeze. They like many souls striving to hold their own and accomplish a given purpose, feeling, by inspiration the short time allotted them before the frosts of winter will cut them to the ground, and their own rich lives proving fertilization for a coming generation that must needs be better and of larger growth because of the enrichment.

Tall urns displayed rich masses of fuchias and ivory geraniums. Double, fragrant petunias bloomed in the sunniest spots. The railing at the lower end of the walk was covered with red and white cypress; the many hued beds of coleus and achthyanthus were growing richer in the autumn sunshine, bordered with great circles of sweet alysum; the mock bananas, cannas and caladiums surrounding the lake with many luxuriant, trellised vines, dotting the whole enclosure, rendered it a vision of loveliness. But soon the frosts will come and it will take fresh cultivation to produce a like effect. So is all life. The love that Salome valued above earthly attainments was fed and fostered by the many virtues and excellencies of the beloved object.

The love of the boy upon reaching the age of twenty will not satisfy at thirty, unless the object has grown with his growth. The man of forty-five would not choose for his second wife the same girl in her teens, if possible, he chose the first time. The many little attractions so lovable then, would be stale now, but the same creature remaining by his side, growing with his growth, attaining the perfect womanhood, as he had reached the fuller man, would satisfy every want. The saddened face of the woe-begone man, who has married a girl in her teens, after he has brought up one family of children, betrays his illusion, and she proves a merited nuisance the rest of his days.

“ While the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form.”



CHAPTER XV.



HOUGH Ione knew and felt she would never gain Eugene Morris' respect, much less love, by her present mode of living, she was helpless to change it. She was in the maelstrom of fashionable frivolity, and might as well try to stay the rush of the foaming waters of Niagara as extricate herself while in their midst.

“ Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Curse'd be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
Curse'd be the sickly forms that err from honest Natures rule !
Curse'd be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the
fool ! ”

If her friends smiled, she must smile ; if she dined out, she must give dinners, often to very unpleasant, uncongenial people ; if her set took up a new fad, she must not object but enter wholly into their views ; if they demanded art, she must be an artist ; if only classical, difficult music ; she must abandon the sweet old airs of her mother's girlhood ; if they played cards and

danced, she would appear rude not to participate. Women are servile to a thousand usages and styles equally as harmful to body—and much more so to morals—as the encumbering dress of modern days. The love that had come to her awakened womanhood, was strengthening the vessel for the rich wine it must contain.

With disgust she followed in the wake of her leaders—a mechanical toy, doing all the antics of a modern society girl—but her heart was far from surroundings; and was craving and dreaming out some way to a nobler, fuller life. The exchange of compliments—empty bubbles as they were to her—made her to wonder if all the world was living an untruth. She had no idea of life outside her circle, and shrank more from making any change, than the silly, ignorant mountain girl would from imitating or inspiring to loftier heights.

Her friends geyed her about her pre-occupied air, her mother scolded her about her aversion to, and disinterestedness in her circle of friends; but her father appreciated, at least, the lack of social gossip and chatter they were wont to entertain him with, during his few hours at home, for instead, Ione sought to lead him out on graver questions than he thought her competent to understand. Not that he had any particular

status for woman's ability, he had never given it thought enough, but just in a way judged all the sex by his own mother and sisters, who were simply faithful, domestic creatures ; and his wife who was a slave to the demands of society.

As the wife, or mother, who has stepped beyond all rules of common sense, and rants of "woman's wrongs" until husband or son, thinks all femininity a rasping, be-draggled tool for man's sarcasm, so are we all in general, apt to confound the mass, in keeping with the few of our acquaintance.

Mr. Chilton loved his wife and daughter in the way he had been taught, seeking mental sympathy and comradeship in his male friends. Mrs. Chilton thought that man's sole and only duty was to pay bills, go out with her when the occasion demanded, and always appear at his best when she entertained ; relating to her the scandals she otherwise would fail to hear and by his professional insight, keep her posted of the financial status of those by whom she was surrounded.

Mrs. Chilton was discovering that she was failing in all of her matrimonial schemes to interest Ione. Once she listened passively, and endeavored to enter into the intrigues of her mother, but now, she would turn away with a

scornful lip and do the perverest of things in her presence ; thus rendering herself willful and disrespectful, and instead of becoming better, she found her list of faults growing.

Ever since she became helplessly in love with Eugene Morris, she avoided him as much as she could without attracting notice. And as he had never suspected her feelings, he thought it was because he could not, and would not enter into the frivolities in which she was engaged. Little did he dream that she hung upon every word that fell from his lips. Often, when sitting apart with some silly "blonde of a man," her eyes upon the floor, while the blonde talked of nothing, she was catching every word that fell from Eugene's lips, his rich baritone voice vibrating every fibre of her being.

If he clasped her hands in bidding farewell, she pressed her hand to her lips and kissed the palm that had rested in his.

The winter season was upon them. November with all its snow and ice, doing just like nature is always doing, covering up the faults of her handiwork, or rather, that which had been marred by man. For three days the snow had fallen gently, great white flakes drifting slowly down covering up alike roof of mansion and tenement.

And now it was piled everywhere ; the pedestrian hurried as best he could, the school-boy shouted with glee and frolicked with his mates, tossing the balls that told with accuracy the nativity of the thrower ; with gay heart the young lady of affluence, dreamed of sleigh-bells and skates, but the shop-girl saw in it, extra bills for more and heavier wear ; the aged and decrepit — homeless and in poverty dire — shuddered with cold, and crept nearer the embers. Gayest of seasons to Gotham, a city with thousands of homeless, houseless people of all ages, writhing in the agony of cold and hunger.

Many plans for Ione's entertainment were formed by her fond, indulgent mother, but like a bomb in their midst, she announced her intention to spend the winter months with her father's maiden-aunt in Virginia. All entreaties were used in vain. The spoiled girl had her own way and on the first of December, she waved a farewell to a laughing, jolly crowd of friends at the depot. A willing exile from her native home.

After countless artificial lights had flown by her window, she emerged into darkness, penetrated only by the winter stars, and

“ Across the iron silence of the night
A keen wind fitfully creeps, and far away
The nothern ridges glimmer faintly bright,

Like hills on some dead planet hard and gray.
Divinely from the icy sky look down
The deathless stars that sparkle overhead.
The Wain, the Herdsman, and the northern crown,
And yonder, westward, large and balefully red,
Arcturus, brooding over fierce resolves :
Like mystic dancers in the arctic air
The troops of the Aurora shift and spin ;
The Dragon strews his bale-fires and within
His trailing and prodigious loop involves
The lonely Pole-star and the lesser Bear.”

As she gazed upon the night she pressed her throbbing temple against the cold window-pane, and in her heart, repeated “The Broken Mirror.”

“ ‘ Because this heart of mine can bear no more,
Let break (I said) at least I shall not see
One, one, one image then perpetually,
Whichever way I turn ; and as of yore
Within my breast all things perchance shall be
(Save only Life ! ’) ”

Ione had often visited her Aunt Amelia when a child, and once or twice during her girlhood school-days, but after she had grown to be a young lady her mother could permit of no such loss of time. Ione had now, however, taken the reins in her own hands, proposed either holding them, or doing the driving herself. She gave her aunt no notice of her coming save a tele-

gram she had sent her after reaching the depot, in New York, consequently, her aunt did not get to make the usual preparations for her coming, which had always consisted in fruit-cake, (of which Ione in earlier years, dreamed and tasted in imagination during the six months interim of her visit) plum-pudding, custards and sweets, galore. But instead, she brought out her best preserves and jellies and "Aunt Mariah," the faithful servant of "ante bellum" days, who preferred still "libin' wif her white fo'ks, to wanderin' roun' like a isrelite," baked her best waffles and hot biscuit.

Aunt Amelia met her niece with open arms, at the station two miles from her home, and Ione smiled inwardly as she thought of the consternation aunt Amelia's many and loud ejaculations of welcome would produce on her aspiring mother. But she thought, "at least, I have found something real, my father's only sister who idolized her younger brother — even after he became ambitious to win fame, and sordid to win gold — cannot fail to be sincere in her love for his child." Their drive home was cold, but soon they entered the long avenue of cedars and tall poplars, at the end of which a huge gate was thrown open by a small negro boy, and Ione alighted and tripped across the

lawn to the front steps, where stood aunt Mariah, — her immense shawl drawn so far over her head, “to keep out de col’ an’ r’umatiz,” that Ione did not recognize her, until Mariah grabbed her hand and hugged her as she did when a child.

“Haint she des growed b’utiful, Miss Milie? So like her farder wen he war a young man, afore he done went of to de city an’ study his head white. Don’ you see dem eyes, black as night, an’ cheeks des like my goncher rose?” All this was said as the old servant led the way into her mistress room and placed the best chair in the warmest corner for Ione.

Next day and the succeeding week was bright and clear and Ione put to good use the favorable surroundings, by putting on one of her aunt’s aprons, and assisting and taking lessons of aunt Mariah in the kitchen. The old negro felt complimented and was happy beyond expression to have once more youth and beauty flitting around her, asking for advice, and bestowing friendly pats when her good, — but queerly expressed to Ione — directions proved charming successes. But she was surprised when Ione told her that it was not so much cakes and sweet things she wished to excel in, as delicacies for the sick.

"Now what you finking 'bout, Miss Onie? You's got no sick folk to wait on, less my dear young massa done go an' broke hisself down readin' all dem big books an' runnin' roun' like dey say he does."

"No, father's health is perfect Auntie, but I might get sick myself, and want to instruct people what to prepare for me."

"Now jes' like you gwyne get sick. All dem roses on yo' cheek don' look like invalid folks. Wonder if you fink I'se gwyne let you trouble you poor sick head about sich like. I'se never bin 'customed to havin' my 'bility doubted, but den I reckon you city folks done got 'bove poor old black mammy an' wants som'fin finer dan any her ole niger dishes."

The offended air of aunt Mariah both alarmed and amused Ione, but her smiles must be suppressed for the privacy of her own room. So in a beseeching manner, she rushed up to the poor, true-hearted, wrinkled faced darkey, grasped both her hands and implored her pardon.

"I was jesting, Auntie, I did not mean what I said, I will tell you soon the truth about the matter." The affair ended by Ione making her a lovely cap that afternoon, and aunt Mariah felt that she had sustained her dignity and that

Ione truly recognized in her a superior person.

Next week, after Ione felt she had acquired some little knowledge of compounding delicacies, she said to her Aunt Amelia, one morning :

“How far did you say it was to the town of F——?”

“Fifteen miles by railway,” was the reply.

“Can I go up of a morning, and come back at night, Auntie?”

“Yes, by rising and breakfasting before five, you can get back by nine o’clock that night.”

“Well, as the station is in sight, aunt Amelia, I shall not mind going to and from, if you will let Joseph Jefferson, our versatile colored boy, accompany me.”

“I shall not mind going with you myself, Ione,” her aunt replied. “I have been thinking of going for some time.”

“But auntie, I want to go every day for a month or two.”

“What for child? You have no relatives, or even friends that I know of there. What is in your head Ione?”

“They have a very excellent, highly recommended training school for nurses there, auntie, and I am going to fit myself for a hospital nurse.”

"Does your father and mother know this, Ione."

"No, neither do I wish them to know it just now."

"Do you think you are treating them right?"

"Are they treating me right to raise me a helpless encumbrance to them, or any one I happen to be dependent upon?"

"But your father will have sufficient means to always take care of you, dear child."

"Riches do not bring happiness, aunt, only in some path of faithfully performed duty can we reach that. My dear aunt, I am heartily sick of being a simpering, silly member of a set that has no higher ambition than the gratification of their own desire for entertainment and amusement. I could have taken this training at home, but I knew neither father or mother would permit, and I ask you to faithfully guard my secret until I have mastered the profession, then I think I can gain at least father's permission to make myself in some little degree useful."

"The female part of the Chilton family have always been noted for their retirement and conservatism," her aunt replied. I hope you will do nothing to mar the past record, Ione."

"If I am not scorched and deformed by the embers of fashionable life, where I was bartering

both body and soul, I know that I cannot be, in conscientiously devoting my life to the amelioration of human woes and suffering. If I am not mistaken, auntie, my father's aunt served as a nurse for two years in the cruel, civil war, and while I have no hope of ever accomplishing the good she did, I have the comfort of not being the only female Chilton who has aspired to the honorable profession.

Miss Amelia gracefully acknowledged the corrections of her assertion, and bade her God-speed in her endeavor.

The next week found Ione installed at the great training department for hospital nurses, and her buoyant health and strong nerves proved priceless in her laborious, trying work. The Christmas holiday, that had always been her gayest season, this year found her in neat cap and apron, pouring over physiology, making tempting dainties for some convalescent, or watching beside some frantic child or aged adult.

Some days she would grow tired and almost resolve to give up her scheme, but one thankful, appreciative glance from her patient for ease and rest given them by her dainty hands, would fully repay her wearied brain and tired limbs.

Aunt Amelia thought the craze would wear

off after a few mornings early rising to catch the five o'clock train, or loneliness over the late return at night, but neither proved a sufficient barrier.

Joseph Jefferson shivered in the morning, yawned at night, and to all her pennies and dimes he would have been glad to have turned his back, and thus, gained several hours sound sleep.

Aunt Mariah shook her head, expressing grave forebodings "ob de outcome ob Ole Marsser's 'scendants, re'ly takin' de men's places."

Christmas day, as Ione tenderly helped a fond mother nurse her only child after a painful operation, she would occasionally let her mind revert to home and surroundings; but at the going down of the sun the little life went out, and she was forced to be chief consoler to the broken-hearted parent. She experienced for quite the first time in life, an inward feeling of that which comes alone to the self-ridden philanthropist.

At her aunt's that night, she found piles of costly express packages from her far off home; but with the exception of a Christmas card from Eugene Morris, she would not have exchanged the wretched mother's appreciation of her untiring devotion to her darling, for them all.

The words of greetings and most happy wishes were formed, but she pressed her lips to his signature, and slept with the card pressed between her cheek and pillow.

Dreams of tall spires, christmas and sleigh-bells, mingled with voices of loved ones, visited her, but promptly at the usual hour, she departed in the darkness of the cold morning for her place of duty.

Can we doubt the richness of her soul, for her love for one man alone had prompted her to these arduous labors? Cable says that "all true love draws its strength and fragrance from the riches not of the loved ones, but of the lover's soul."

Aunt Amelia was equally remembered in the number and costliness of the Christmas presents; a nice black silk dress with cap to match for aunt Mariah, that "most put her beside herself," and a crisp five dollar bank-note for Joseph Jefferson, which was soon laid out in fire-works, numerous useless toys and candies.

"Make way for liberty !

* * *

"And now a nation great and strong and free,
For Cuba cries, 'America, go ! Liberty thy theme,
Release the Cuban from the Spanish sway,
Thank God no cursed concert can thee stay !'"

CHAPTER XVI.



SHORT time after the inauguration of William McKinley, as President of the United States, in March 1897, it became apparent that the disordered condition of Cuba under Spanish rule, was destined inevitably to become an issue which the United States must help to settle.

For two years a great part of the Island had been in open and determined revolt against Spain, though the forces of the King had been able to hold the sea-ports, thus cutting off the insurgents from regular communication with the outer world, and making important their efforts to secure recognition from foreign powers. The patriots, under Generals Maceo and Gomez, had held control of the interior, established a government of their own, enforced order and levied taxes.

Enormous sacrifices were made by the Spanish people to re-establish sovereignty in the island. More than three hundred thousand

troops were sent thither to be cruelly cut down by plague and pestilence. A nation, long on the verge of bankruptcy, incurred uncomplainingly, prodigious additional indebtedness, to save for its boy King—Alphonse XIII, who was but twelve years old—its most precious possessions in the west, the “Pearl of the Antilles.”

Queen Isabella of Spain pawned her jewels that Columbus might have the means to press his voyage of discovery into unknown seas, but in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the people of Spain pawned their national assets,—put even themselves and their posterity in pawn—to hold for Spain, the last relics of the empire which Columbus won for her. But the Spanish people were cruelly betrayed by their own rulers. The generals whom they sent to Cuba gave less thought to the suppression of the insurrection than to filling their own pockets.

Out of the millions and millions of piasters set aside by an already impoverished people for the needs of war, a great part was stolen by generals and army contractors. The young conscript, sent from Spain,—not a proud volunteer eager to serve his country, but a conscript—to a land where the air itself was pestilential to

the unacclimated, they were clothed and shod in shoddy; their food invited disease, and when they fell ill it was found that the greed of the officers had consumed the funds that should have provided sufficient hospital service. Comparatively few fell before the bullets or machetes of the insurgents, — for the revolutionists adopted the tactics of the Fabius — but by thousands they succumbed to fevers of every kind. Death without glory was the hapless lot of the Spanish conscript.

The disparity in weapons made it imperative that the insurgents should avoid pitched battles, and as war of this sort inevitably develops into the most cruel and barbarious, it was truly so in this case.

That Cuba might be made desolate, unable to pay anything toward the price of its own subjection, the insurgents relentlessly destroyed standing crops, mills, and railroads. That the peaceful inhabitants — the pacificos — might not give aid or comfort to the revolutionists, General Weyler caused them to be driven from their farms and herded in the towns still under Spanish Control.

There they stayed in squalid huts or under thatched sheds and starved, and if the braver, more reckless among them rebelled, they were slaughtered like sheep.

Systematically, Spain planned to crush Cuba; not by fighting the revolutionists, but by starving women and children, old men and peaceful farm hands. It is conservatively estimated, that more than five hundred thousand people had been starved to death before the United States interfered.

History in coming ages, however, will relate to the undying honor and glory of the American people, that humanitarian considerations, rather than regard for imperilled interests, brought them into a war, which most emphatically their people did not desire.

But at this time, almost as if planned by some all-knowing power, came a great and inexplicable disaster, which made American intervention inevitable and immediate. On the night of February 15th, 1898, the Battleship Maine lay quietly at the anchorage in Havana harbor. Her great white hull, with lights shining brilliantly from the after ports, where the officer's quarters were located, gleamed in the starlight.

On the berth deck, the men swung sleeping in their hammocks. The watch on deck breathed gratefully, the cool evening air after the long tropic day. Captain Sigsbee was writing in his cabin and the officers in the wardroom, were

chatting over their games or dozing over their books. The lights of the city and the ancient fortress of Morro, shone brightly through the purpling light.

Word of love and cheer to the aged parents—words of home-sickness to the young wife and babies were being penned by some.

“The wistful stars
Shine like good memories.
The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours.
As over a region of roses.
Life and Death.
Sound on — sound on
And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if at the enchanted castle at the heart
Of the wood’s dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves, and filled the dim sea-banks
With exquisite visitants.”

At half-past nine, the wakeful ones on board heard a dull explosion, followed by a slight shock, then a prolonged, deep furious roar which shook the ship to its very vitals, and our beautiful vessel suddenly became a flaming volcano belching forth fire, men, huge pieces of steel, and bursting shells. Two hundred and sixty six of our sailor boys had answered for the last time their earthly roll-call.

The news of the great disaster was received at home with horror, which speedily turned to anger. An outraged people demanded that our brave American sailors be avenged, and outraged Cuba set free from the galling yoke of Spanish bondage, and on the twenty-third of April, 1898, President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for one hundred and twenty thousand volunteers.

From all quarters, the call was enthusiastically received, tempered with that trembling foreboding which always accompanies the call to arms.

The veteran of other wars repeated tales of suffering, defeat, or victory as he had encountered them in the far away past; grandmothers told of sons that never returned,—brave, manly youths like these of to-day—women of husbands whose burying-place was unknown, and others spoke of fathers they had never seen. But all this failed to subdue the enthusiasm.

Every state gave her full quota, and foremost in the number, was New York. Mr. Chilton received his commission and in a few days had enrolled his full company. Eugene Morris, with many others from this city and state, joined Roosevelt's command at San Antonio.

The clanking of the officer's side arms could be heard on every side, with the drill, drill

that a hasty call necessitates. Business was demoralized for a time, and from East to West an undertone of solemn awe pervaded the nation.

In one week from the declaration, Commodore Dewey wiped from the Asiatic waters, the Spanish Squadron commanded by Admiral Montejo, and this without the loss of a man from the American navy, but hundreds killed and wounded of the Spanish fleet. The report created wild enthusiasm. Generals with their commands clamored for recognition and transportation to the scenes of warfare.

The greater number of our war vessels were kept busy guarding the Atlantic coast, blockading Cuba and hunting for the mystical Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera. Troops were mobilized at different convenient points. At Chickamauga, the great historical battle-ground of the northern and southern forces during the civil war, fifty thousand troops were encamped. There, the veteran of the blue and the old soldier of the gray met in peace, where once the hills ran blood from the conflict of two opposing armies; where once two separate military bands played "Yankee Doodle" and Dixie," this call to meet a foreign foe, eradicated all sectional feelings and the regimental bands from

Maine played Dixie, while that from southern Mississippi played the airs of their once northern foes, until the tall hills and historic "old Look-out" echoed the strains.

At Tampa a great camp was established in hopes to somewhat climatize the troops to a southern clime before sending them to tropical isles. Captain Chilton's regiment was ordered to Tampa, there to battle with heat and pestilential fevers during the spring and early summer months. Mrs. Chilton for once in her life was awakened to a sense of the responsibility of life.

Life had been so complete to her narrow self, that she never thought of change. Ione's extended visit to her aunt both worried and saddened her, but no sooner was war a certainty, than Ione packed her trunks and hastened to the home of her birth.

She was distressed beyond measure when she found her father had been commissioned, urging him to resign and let some younger man take his place, but the patriotic blood of ancestors, male and female, flowed too strongly in his veins to stand idly by while his country called for help. They knew nothing of the way their daughter had spent her time in the south, supposed in idleness and seclusion, but the wide

awake, earnest girl that came back to them did not seem like the Ione of old. Her words of comfort came nearer than any other's in consoling her mother.

Her father found her a helper in all his plans, arranging the many little details that only trained, loving, skillful feminine hands know how to arrange. So complete was his medicine-case, that he supposed she had some physician arrange it, little dreaming his daughter had spent days learning to prepare for such an emergency. Snow-white balls of bandages were closely packed with the medicines, showing that the donor feared more the wounds of the enemy than miasma and pestilence.

Oh, the heart-breaking yearnings of the women as they watch the loved ones depart! Love, dread, sympathy, honor, alternately possesses them. To the volunteer is granted the changes of scenes and country; laborious work that makes night welcome and sleep a certainty, wild enthusiasm over the prospect of encountering the enemy and winning fame and honor. But the women must sit in the same corner, beside the same hearth-stone, and view from days to years, with aching hearts and straining eyes, the empty chairs and last worn clothes of the absent heroes.

In the same manner that Ione had prepared her father's necessities, she asked permission to arrange Mr. Morris'. No useless encumbrances were included but simply the manageable necessities. He went as a private (all honor to his name) with the regiment of "Rough Riders." Mr. Chilton bade a fond adieu to wife and daughter, and started for the extreme south one week before Morris left for the west.

Every opportunity he found amid his rushing preparations for departure, he called to see the lonely mother and daughter, and toward the end of the week allotted him, he noticed a strange light had come into Ione's eyes but attributed it to her grief for her father. There was no hysterical collapse on her part, but a brave trust that renders spiritual, its possessor. Her best loved earthly parent was gone, probably never to return, and now the man that possessed her whole heart was going — Oh God! She dare not think, where.

If he addressed her, she answered in monosyllables, for she dare not trust herself to be led into a conversation of surroundings and his early departure. The congealed life-blood was making livid her tightly compressed lips. If only he knew, she believed she could better have borne it, but she could not summon courage to

over-step the conservative views of her family ; views as old as time, and as he attributed her coldness to indifference to him, an insurmountable barrier separated them.

How tall and gentle he looked in his plain, but becoming uniform, and added to that his erect military bearing, regular features, and matchless physical build, he would have proven irresistible to any but the most indifferent woman. But to all these, Ione was blind, for to her his character and soul were the attracting magnets.

At length, the parting came. Mrs. Chilton weepingly bade him a motherly farewell, but Ione could but place her icy hand in his and say, "God bless you," to which he returned a pressing clasp with his own warm hand, and a shower of benedictions on her head ; then turned and with soldierly strides hastily left the room, mounted his horse and rode away. Rode away ! Only God knew to where.

Ione consoled her mother as best she could. Every day she prevailed upon her to take long rides to the suburbs, but always in company with other lady friends. Just why Ione would never go her mother could not understand, but supposed she was helping other mother's prepare the necessary articles for boys not yet departed.

But each day no sooner was she gone than Ione hastened down town to the head department of the Red Cross society, for she was now an honored member of that organization, and there, during her mother's absence was earnestly employed in the severe drilling necessary.

Her father had now been gone two weeks, and his daily letters assured them of his comfortable quarters, except climatic drawbacks, and of the perfect health of his regiment. Another two weeks passed, and he began to report light sickness, and the heat almost unbearable. Two more weeks and his men were prostrated on every side.

On the drill ground they fell, to later develop malaria, or typhoid fever. No sooner had this news come, than Ione informed her mother of her past preparation and intentions.

"I shall start in three days for Tampa, mother, and I think you had better close the house and spend the interim of our absence with dear, kind aunt Amelia."

"Surely my child you will not leave me alone, and unnecessarily expose yourself to the dangers attendant upon such a ——?"

"No mother" Ione interrupted "I will not leave you alone without loving hands and hearts to serve you, but only by yielding to my

wishes will you make my services to my father and my country possible. With the thorough training of the past six months, and protection from the out-door tropical heat, I will not be very liable to disease, but father will be daily and hourly exposed, and oh, my dear mother, who will nurse him better than his own child? If she is so blessed as never to succumb, she will find a large field of usefulness in serving others."

"I think I have given enough, Ione. I do not feel called upon to give the last of my loved ones to my country."

"But, mother, probably in sending me you save father. If he should die alone in a distant field we would never forgive ourselves."

After continued argument of like nature Ione succeeded in gaining her mother's consent, and a few days following, an out-going train bore her mother and herself southward.

Ione knew her father would not let her remain if he knew of her presence so her mother wrote him that they had both come to Virginia, but did not tell him that Ione had gone on and was now safely and as pleasantly as possible, under the disabilities of army life, situated in sight of his own headquarters. Often in nursing the sick, she had to turn her head to prevent her

father's recognition, as the officers made their daily rounds of inquiry among sick-wards whose inmates were daily increased until the services of hundreds of Red Cross nurses — whose aid the government assured the people in the beginning of the war, could be dispensed with — was needed. Readily and gladly they answered the call and the hospitals were filled with white caps and aprons. Thousands of our poor boys died for lack of such services, but be it to the glory of the God-sent organization, many thousand more today owe their lives to their loving, skillful hands.

The greater pity is that such hands as Clara Barton's had not steered that department of "The Ship of State," instead of its being ruled by intriguing politicians, for then, at least, the men that so readily answered their country's call would have been better provided for in surgical and hospital service, transportation, and a thousand other necessary things left undone.

But to the Nation it was victory, matters not how won; to the mother that gave her son to be sacrificed in a filthy army camp, — whose leading officers viewed their own glory and their salaries more than their country's good, — to her it was ignominious defeat, unnecessary murder by slow tortuous methods, of her loved one.

“ If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget ?



CHAPTER XVII.



R. GREY spent the early months in the city of New York but on the first of February, joined his ship in the Pacific waters. Although the sailors knew the general sentiment of the nation regarding Spain's cruelty to her subjects in Cuba, they, as man-o'-war's-men, did not enter comparatively into the spirit until the news of the destruction of the Maine reached them.

Then every one aboard the Oregon, from Captain Clark down to the youngest ward-room boy, was possessed of a retaliative spirit rendered Herculean in its indulgence. But still no chance was given them. The people clamored for war, Congress demanded recognition and submission to the voice of an outraged people, and still our noble, christian president procrastinated, until he could no longer hold in check the American spirit, and was forced to submit.

The size and strength of the Spanish navy was much magnified and as a precautionary

measure, the Oregon, on the 19th of March, left San Francisco to sail thirteen thousand miles, around Cape Horn, to add her seemingly great but untried strength to the Atlantic fleet.

She started under extremely threatening, but still peaceful surroundings. No word of warning was given her. She was a man-of-war, with as valiant crew as ever manned a vessel, and though the nation listened with bated breath for any news of her whereabouts, all believed her competent to take care of herself.

Dr. Grey did not enter into the retaliative spirit of the "tar" but he saw in the near future the inevitability of a righteous calling to arms of the American people for the suppression of tyranny and cruelty in Cuba.

They had covered nearly half their journey before President McKinley signed the proclamation of war. No word could reach the Oregon nor did Captain Clark loiter by the way seeking news, but obeyed orders only stopping for coal. The enemy knew her course and knew of a right to attack her, but in brave ignorance, the vessel was put to the extreme limit of her speed, taxing both the ship's and sailor's endurance.

Every part of her wonderful, massive equip-

ments in perfect order ; on all sides a sharp, lookout, so that no enemy could have surprised them ; with every man, from the captain to the fireman at his post of duty ; the gunners ready to fire at a moment's notice, a volley, that soon had the opportunity of telling of their ability.

In his gentle, unassuming way, Dr. Grey nursed the over-taxed. His own health was entirely recovered, and with tireless devotion he aided all. At night, as each man slept beside his post of duty, often he was wont to promenade until a late hour among the sleeping forms of brave, blue-coated, brawny giants. Were his thoughts always of them, or did they, oftener than he would care to admit, revert to his childhood home?

Was it the beautiful mausoleum or the warm flesh and blood of the statue-like girl whom he knew worshiped him, that his thoughts dwelt most and longest upon ? To-night, as he unconsciously reached out his arms as if to encircle something ; was it the vanishing, heart-broken creature of "Solitude," or was it his sister's "wilful ward ?"

"Certainly," he assured himself, "it was his dead love." To entertain a sentiment of like character for any other woman, would be profanation ; but despite all his self-assurance of

constancy to a hopeless love, thoughts of Salome crowded them out, and again as he felt, in imagination, her soft arms around his neck and her warm lips pressed to his, an ecstasy took possession of him that vibrated his whole being and left, after the vibrations ceased, a greater emptiness and loneliness. He could think of her no longer as his inferior. She had risen to a height that admitted of no doubts regarding her ability under favorable circumstances, but he now supposed it would be years before they would meet again, if ever.

Probably war would be declared and there would be a watery grave for vessel and crew before another year passed. To-night, as he invoked divine guidance for Salome, he prayed God's protection for ship and crew, and fervently asked Him to spare his own humble self, why he knew not, for a year ago he simply placed himself in His hands, caring not how soon the summons came.

Now to do God's will was his only motive, but desire to have his days lengthened indefinitely was added to his petition. The swaggering boast of victory by the over-confident sailor, did not affect him.

“For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —

All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls on thee to guard —
From frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord, Amen."

"Twelve o'clock! still he felt no inclination to retire. The bright stars of a tropical clime beamed overhead. The great vessel heaved and groaned as she surged through the tranquil waters; so calm that its face reflected the myriad stars, making gems of beauty overhead and on the bosom of the placid waters. What was it that was unusually disturbing Dr. Grey tonight? His feelings had not come of any fanciful meditation upon the past, but an unseen controlling power was rendering him helpless to overcome the agitation.

Was it "dear Jane," his sainted sister who was directing his thoughts in a channel new to him? Probably she had left the courts of heaven and with tranquil wings lightly poised above his head or near his side, her very presence and wishes directing his thoughts to fulfill and consummate the earnest desires and earthly plans for him.

If there is a "sweet beyond" where we shall know each other; where we shall sometimes in the "some-where" be with our loved ones again, the over-ruling Spirit that created it and us, will

surely, out of His love and mercy to His helpless subjects, permit their intervention and influence in our behalf, and cause the invisible hand to ward off danger, direct our course by wielding an influence over us, the origin and cause of which will be non-comprehensible by us, except we keep ourselves in such close communion with the Creator that we know whereof the guidance comes.

Surely an indulgent Heavenly parent could not refuse an earthly one the privilege of returning and hovering near the widow, and orphaned little ones as they weepingly assemble around the casket that contains all earthly left them of the loved father and mother.

If the poor, deluded young man could but pierce the invisible air of the polluted bar-room, he would see the care-worn, hard hands — now changed to spiritual beauty and loveliness — beckoning him to desist; or if possible, she has wearied of this and is learning over the battlements of heaven viewing with sorrow if it can enter that abode, the wayward course of her once chubby beautiful boy, or if a daughter, she would like to impress upon her that all sins are alike in God's eyes, and if she only repent, in heaven at last, she will find recognition.

"Deep in the starry silence of the night
 Breathes low the mystery of Life and Death,
 While o'er the darkened waters underneath
 A voiceless spirit, veiled from mortal sight.
 Upheld, enfolded in the encircling height
 Of heaven, the hushed Earth softly draws her breath,
 And in the holy stillness listeneth
 To sweeping wings of far-off worlds in flight.
 Beauty ascends in elemental prayer ;
 Lifted in worship, lost in wonderment,
 I join in Nature's bright antiphony
 That vibrates in the calm and sentient air,
 And through the veil of darkness am content
 To touch the garment of Eternity."

The midnight hour waned into morning and
 still Dr. Grey paced the deck, between the spirit
 of indulgence and self-chastisement his soul was
 wrought to its highest pitch, but the last and
 most determined thought was always, that he
 was and would ever be true to his "dead love."

"Could she come back who has been dead so long,
 How could I tell her
 To what wild discords has my life been set
 Striving to forget
 How can she know in the abode of bliss
 The utter loneliness of life in this,
 The weariness that comes of nights unslept,
 The hopeless agony of tears unwept ?
 Could she come back, between would lie those years
 And I could only look at her through tears."

CHAPTER XVIII.



JANUARY of 1898 found the school buildings sufficiently advanced to warrant the opening of the school, for all summer Salome and Muriel had been busy with correspondents in regard to needy, deserving pupils. They were compelled, in order to protect themselves from the unscrupulous, to have just so much "red tape," and the business of writing was tremendous; but on the fifteenth of January they had the profound pleasure of seeing the able, well chosen President enroll fifty pupils, a good beginning considering the unfinished state of buildings and of affairs generally.

Boys of all ages from twelve to eighteen, truly a motly unkempt mass when they first arrived, but with clean cut hair, fresh baths, and neat uniforms they presented a different appearance on opening day. To their teachers were presented not only the arduous task of inculcating knowledge into their heads, but the more

intricate one of bringing them out of themselves. Scarcely any two were from like surroundings except as it consisted in poverty and misery. With patience and skill, seasoned with true love and charity, an inroad was soon made into each one's confidence, and effective steps taken to better each individually. Of course, in that number of more fortunately situated individuals—especially school boys—we could hardly hope to find none a failure, and while some disappointments were met in this number, they were only exceptions and not the rule.

Every day brought new arrivals until at the end of the month, the number was nearly doubled.

Now every thing was safely on its way to completion and indeed it was fortunate, for the country was too excited over the Cuban question to give any other much thought. Here, as in New York and every other state, excitement was at its highest pitch.

Intense solicitude for Dr. Grey,—now Salome knew he had joined his ship—was telling on her nerves and finally, on the fifteenth of February, when the Nation heard with awful surprise, tempered with revenge, of the destruction of the battle-ship Maine, her solicitude waxed into fearful anxiety. A little over one month

more, — during which time the people had clamored for war — Salome learned with terror that the Oregon had sailed from San Francisco, under sealed orders.

Two weeks elapsed before any news of the ship's whereabouts reached the United States, finally the press gave the information that she had coaled at Callao, Peru, April fourth. To this port she had made a continuous run, some four thousand five hundred miles without a stop, a feat never before equaled by warship. Prayers were offered for her safety, all hoped for it but grave fears that the enemy might intercept and destroy her, alternated with every hope.

Salome suffered in a superlative degree with all who had friends or kindred aboard, for an intense nature like hers admits of no medium but drains the cup of joy or sorrow to the dregs. When it became a certainty that the Oregon was endeavoring to join the Atlantic fleet, the situation seemed more perilous. Suspense with Salome had now taken definite form; the school was placed in the hands of teachers and committee; the orphanage in a like manner, and she, with a nurses' outfit took Muriel and departed for Chickamauga, under the special care of a much loved General from their own state.

Here they entered upon, as best they could, the duties assigned them, each working at the simpler ones under trained female hands. Salome's experience and ruling ability aided her in controlling and managing her patients, but Muriel's power lay in her sweet, gentle manners and earnest interest in their condition.

Each one's ability was soon understood and appreciated. Salome was given convalescents to manage, and Muriel the very lowest, weakest patients, whom she gently soothed by softly chafing their temples or administering some delicacy made by her own little hands.

They worked night and day during the month of April. Often, men were brought into the sick-wards from New York regiments, that Muriel recognized as former business men. Her changed appearance, however, owing to dress, cap, apron and manners, prevented them, in their weakness or more often delirious condition, recognizing her.

There beneath historic old "Lookout Mountain,"—where the third of a century ago, the "battle above the clouds" was fought—which could, by day, be seen towering above Chatanoo-ga, with sometimes a veil of vapor screening from admiring gaze its majestic beauty, or, at night its flashing electric lights, revealing, now

its peaceful hostleries for man, but in those days of bitter strife, the place of bombarding, destructive guns of modern warfare. There, in the sixties, confederate officers of high and low rank fell fighting for their loved South, to be replaced by mere lads stepping from the ranks to lead to victory his company or brigade in that memorable massacre. Now, northern and southern girls worked side by side in the same ward, each just as eager to save the lad, from the snow-capped mountains of Maine, as the boy from tropical Florida.

To-night the military bands from the north and that of the south played the national airs at the Park or Inn, while beauty and chivalry kept step to the music.

Daily the number of troops was increased and more than proportionately the number of sick. For several days Salome had displayed a feverish excitement over one of her patients—known only to the head nurse—but Muriel calmly, patiently, devoted every moment to her own, except during the few hours they had given to her for slumber, which she would begin by clasping Salome's neck and sobbing herself to sleep.

Salome recognized Mr. Granville before he was lifted from the stretcher, all wet with perspiration and besmeared with dust, having fallen

from weakness while at drill near the "Bloody Pond," — so named because the wounded of both the Blue and the Gray, after one of the most terrible conflicts during the civil war, crawled to its edges for water until they were so numerous that they lay in heaps with their life's blood dying red its crystal waters — from which he only recovered to go into the ravings of delirious fever. Although his features were bloated and distorted by rum, the same lovely hair adorned his well-shaped, well-poised head and his fine physique was not yet rendered repulsive as his facial features were.

"A bad case," said the surgeon, on examination "his blood is weakened and poisoned by intoxicants, which will greatly hinder his recovery under more favorable circumstances, and I find in him the worst indications."

After he was made as comfortable as a bath, and the illy provided surroundings permitted, Salome entered the ward and exerted herself to the utmost to, in a measure, relieve his delirium and quiet him.

She beseeched the physician to do his utmost; prevailed upon the head nurse to help her, and with unflagging, untiring devotion, watched beside his bed-side, not giving herself but half the allotted hours for sleep.

He had trespassed upon nature to such a degree that the actual requirements of army life, quadrupled by the tyranny and meanness of officers, was too great for his physical endurance. For ten days he raved, living over in his delirium his past life. Sometimes he would talk to his mother as he used at the age of ten, again he was having a fierce combat of words with school-mates, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, he would fancy he was again in Europe with Salome and he would, for a minute, beg her to listen to his pleadings; then he fancied he was with Muriel at Dr. Grey's home in the south, and his words of constancy disgusted Salome. Suddenly his manner would alter when, for a moment, he apparently realized himself a fond husband; then with jealousy he would forbid Muriel his presence, offering taunts and accusations that made Salome wish to annihilate him. When her flight would occur to him, he would make the sick-ward blue with execrations and words of revenge on Dr. Grey.

But with forbearance and patience, Salome did all she could to aid his recovery, and on expressing her hope to the surgeon, he said:

"That you will never see for he is now beyond recovery." True to his prophecy, her patient soon went into a protracted stupor from

which he awakened sane, fully realizing his nearness to eternity.

As he opened his eyes and recognized Salome, a pitiful expression came over his features. With vividness, his sins rushed before him, and he looked like a hunted lion, expecting her at least, to retaliate by venting her feelings on his head.

Lightly approaching nearer, she said: "How do you feel, Mr. Granville? You have been sick for some time, and unconscious through it all. But now we hope you will soon be on the road to recovery."

With eyes already glazed and with voice almost too feeble to be understood, he replied: "It will be hope against despair, I feel too distinctly my nearness to the end."

"Probably that comes of your weakness, Mr. Granville, you must not give up, take your medicine now, and then have some of this nice beef-tea I prepared myself for you."

He willingly followed her directions, gazing in his old wonted way at her face, as she tenderly fed him the nourishment.

"Salome," he said, "I have not much longer in this life, and then I must meet my just deserts, but I want to say to you—to you, the only woman I ever loved—I am not wholly bad.

Not through so much my own will, as through circumstances, has my ruin been wrought, and right here let me give you a word of warning. The climax to all my folly was a loveless marriage. Poor little Muriel! I believe she sincerely loved me until I succeeded in turning that love to disgust; but to secure safety to any man, he must also love and respect his wife. Her fondness alone will not suffice. Added to this was my maddening, inherited love for drink, that brutalized every nobler sentiment."

"Surely the iniquities of several generations have been heaped upon me until I have trespassed beyond pardon. If I had only stopped; somehow I could not, but seemed borne with the current to the bottomless sea."

"Not yet to a bottomless sea my friend," Salome answered, "neither have you trespassed beyond pardon. Thousands of redeemed souls entered deeper into the mire of sin than God has, as yet, mercifully given you time to. You have the first desired quality of repentance — a recognition of your sins — and I beg of you to create the second quality. True sorrow for, and a determination to abandon them."

"I will be given no more opportunities to repeat them, Salome, but it is like cowardice to ask God to accept the few moments of a worse than worthless life."

“We are not saved by our works but by faith.” While I believe there will be degrees of reward in heaven for our services here, they in no wise affect us an admission through the “pearly gates,” but we must come alone, through the atoning blood of Christ, that was shed, not for the whole, but the maimed; not for the well, but for the sick. Surely you feel the need of this great physician, will you ask his pardon and accept his salvation?”

He turned his face to the wall and she dare not disturb him, but her lips moved in mute prayer, beseeching the Throne of Grace to save his wretched soul. For some time he lay thus, then turned his eyes to hers, and said:

“Tell Muriel, as she hopes for God’s pardon, to forgive me. I have not asked you where she is, for it would be profanation for me—her ruin—to presume to speak of her whereabouts. I am calmer now Salome, my own inward cries for mercy have been strengthened by your earnest petitions in my behalf; I pray you continue them.

“Have me buried here, Salome, for I have no living relatives. In this noble cause, as well as in all other things I have failed for if I could only have bravely died for my country, I would have somewhat repaired the blur upon my an-

cestors's name — but perhaps I was not worthy of even that. Tell Muriel I died thoroughly repentant, stabbed with the knowledge that that repentance cannot undo the injustice done her."

"Your wishes shall be carried out, my friend" answered Salome, "but do not feel for a moment your life has not been as nobly and truly sacrificed for your country as the bravest soldiers upon the bloody battleground; his is service with honor, while yours is the noblest of service, that without honor."

His last words were almost inaudible, and Salome bent her beautiful head to catch every intonation. As the last sound escaped him a sharp spasm of pain crossed his features, and he soon relapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never rallied, but quietly passed out, to be entered upon a new "roll call" in the unpierced, untried future.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

For days Salome had pondered in her mind how to break the news to Muriel, and each day the subject grew a more difficulty one. She did not think it best for Muriel to know of his proximity, or to have the unbearable burden of meeting him, for she knew she had already freely forgiven him — although forgiveness does not mean the taking of the foe to our heart and confidence again — but she knew that now she must apprise her of what had happened, so in an unusually agitated manner, she entered her room and sat down on the little cot beside Muriel, — who had preceeded her to their nightly quarters — laid her arm around her and tenderly kissed her cheeks.

“What is it to-night, Salome?” queried Muriel you seem unusually agitated.”

“Yes,” Salome answered, “one of my patients died an hour ago. Painful in the extreme was his demise, although I have hopes his soul is at rest. He left many messages with me for his much injured wife from whom he has been divorced.”

Muriel sprang to her feet and exclaimed: “Salome was it Mr. Granville? Oh, why did you not tell me!”

“I did not feel that you ought to know,” replied Salome. For a moment Muriel looked paralyzed, then she said:

“Oh, if I only could have asked his forgiveness for marrying him! I feel as if that is the only sin I have ever commttted.”

“I am sure he fully forgave you Muriel.” Salome then repeated to her every message he sent.

“Did he know I was here?”

“No he did not know where you were, and I knew it was best not to tell him, for Muriel your presence would only have added a thousand pangs to his already tortuous death.”

Finally, the expected—to Salome—summons came and she prevailed upon Muriel to view his remains, With blanched face she complied, leaning upon Salome’s arm like one in a trance. But when she entered in the presence of the dead, she beheld him looking like the Granville of old, all bloat and discoloration gone from his now calm and placid features, which were rendered almost perfect in death’s repose. Muriel’s heart melted aud she cried out for her lost love. Oh, cruel fate! Truly thy workings are a mystery to man.

For a little while Salome let Muriel give vent to her grief, then lifted her from her knees and supported her to her room. She did not chide her for wailing, knowing that spent grief was better than that pent up in our hearts to knaw

the very vitals of life away. She would not let her sit up or pace the room as she desired, but assisted her to disrobe and compelled her to retire. Salome was kept busy refuting the bitter denunciations Muriel brought against herself, assuring her that she was utterly powerless to have made it otherwise.

"Not your past life, Muriel, can you now remedy, but let it serve to shape the future of both your own and others you can directly or indirectly influence. Probably God has chosen you to lay yourself upon the altar for the betterment of those alike situated. The martyrs were not all in Christ's time, or the few centuries following, for to-day we have both men and women who are martyred in spirit; crucified afresh each day for a principle or right.

Much easier would it be to be annihilated, basking in God's sunshine around his beautiful throne than to daily and hourly face the disapproval of the masses, because, with prophetic eyes, they have left the old trodden pathway and pointed to a more just one. Your love for him was pure and holy, and none but he could irradicate it, but only *you* took the marriage vows; his was a false oath that rendered more hideous, in God's sight, the union of your lives. Do you call that marriage,

or only a little more respectability lent to adultery? Some mighty torrent of sentiment, behind fearless law makers, press and pulpit, must e're Christ's coming, effect a change.

Will you submissively be an humble instrument in your Heavenly Father's hands to do the little in your power, toward hastening His coming? You could never have atoned for the error by continuing a living lie.

" I that rather held it better men should perish one by one
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's noon in
Ajalon ?

Not in vain the distant beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing groves of
change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into tho younger
day !

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life began ;
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh
the sun.

Oh, I see the crescent promise !

* * *

" And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then
Underneath the light he looks, at in among the throngs of men
Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something
new ;

That which they have done but earnest *of the things that they
shall do.*"

For hours, Salome talked thus to Muriel until at near daybreak, they sank into a restless sleep, soon to be awakened by the morning bugle-calls and the tramp, tramp of the thousand men and horses, roused this early to go through another day of monotonous drill and camp routine.

Salome arose, but as she expected, found Muriel unable to do so. At six o'clock the reveille was sounded and shortly after, the dead of the day before was borne from the camp-hospital to be consigned to awaiting loved ones, or those like Mr. Granville, who did not have such a one, to be hastily interred near by. Ah, the cruelties of war! How long, O, Lord! How long before Thy coming, when universal peace shall reign?

For some time, Cuba had been blockaded. Commodore Sampson had bombarded the forts of San Juan, rendering them comparatively ineffective. Commodore Schley, of the Flying Squadron who had joined that commanded by Sampson, soon located Cervera's mystical fleet of Spanish warships snugly sheltered in Santiago harbor, but there to be entrapped by Hobson, whose daring feat has added new glory to the United States Navy, and a new name to the roster of dashing, daring heroes like Summers and

Cushing. The enemy apparently making no move, and daring nothing, were reducing our combined powerful fleets to complete impotency, consequently a land force was called for, to attack from the inland, thus forcing the Spaniards to surrender or fight.

Hobson was not one of a thousand, but among a thousand. From Brewer, the brave, untiring Postmaster of Santiago, to the lowest private that worked or died at his post of duty, — on board ship, on the drill ground, of fever at our various camps or beside his gun at El Cany — the same patriotic spirit inspired them all. Sacrifice without honor was the lot of a greater number of America's volunteers who gave up their lives for the cause of humanity.

Salome knew that Muriel's usefulness was ended at Chicamauga, — there in sight of the high hill upon which Granville was interred, the rude grave within a half hour's walk of her apartments, where she was oftener found, gazing in that direction, than with her patients — and having a reason of her own she asked to be transferred to Tampa from which point she determined to go with the first troops, to the field of battle.

CHAPTER XIX.



F people of all walks in life were taught the rigid discipline administered to naval cadets and sailors, there would be more successes and far fewer failures, for only "he who has learned to obey will know how to command."

Without questioning, every man aboard the Oregon continued unswervingly at his post of duty. Her continuous run from San Francisco to Calloa made in two weeks, was unprecedented. Two more days and she entered the Straits of Magellan, taking this much out of the way course to avoid a possible enemy in force. Her commander did not know but that war had already been declared, and that destruction might await his noble ship and crew. The Gunboat Marietta had joined the Oregon and together they passed through stifling calms and summer's heat, and then north again into the blazing rainless waste of tropical seas. At home a nation listened with bated breath for any news

of her. All feared she was coming blindfold into a whole fleet of Spain's war-ships, but mingled with the fears were hopes, taking the very form an invocation for the ship's safety.

Civil and naval circles were alike alarmed, and not until she reached Rio Janeiro, did the United States government succeed in cabling Captain Clark the warning, that four heavily armored cruisers and three torpedo boats were attempting to intercept her. Immediately she was put to sea, finding on this salt waste an unfrequented track. At Bahia, she stole into harbor under cover of night, to have the warning again emphasized; and naval circles, knowing secrecy to be her only protection, refused to give any further news of her course, but this did not hinder the anxious from making no news, bad news.

One day the press would surmise her safety, the next predict it would be impossible for Captain Clark to evade the enemy, but on the twenty-fifth of May, the Oregon reached the harbor of Key West. Captain Clark and his complement of four hundred and twenty-four men had broken the records of naval voyages. Dr. Grey, as all others aboard, and the grand old ship itself stood well the test. In Bahia, realizing the danger, he looked out longingly up-

on the inky blackness of night, toward his native land, and thought with great sorrow of her broken homes and aching hearts, and for the first time since her death, thanked God his sister was spared this anxious sorrow.

The Oregon did not anchor for repairs but reported for duty and was at once ordered to join the blockading squadron at Santiago, after coaling and taking on much needed fresh provisions and supplies.

“ Summon thy ships together, gather a mighty fleet

For a strong young nation is arming that never hath known defeat.

Summon thy ships together, there on thy blood-stained sands !

For a shaking army gathers, with manacled feet and hands,

A shadowy host of sorrows and of shames, too black to tell !

That reach with their horrible wounds for thee, to drag thee down to hell !

Myriad phantoms and spectres, thou warest against in vain !

Thou art weighed in the scales and found wanting, the balance of God, O Spain ! ”

Are injustices all out-side *our* nation ? Our government reaches with one sympathetic hand to save these natives of Cuba, and with the other deals out to American youth, — in whose veins flows some of the purest blood of the universe, — the moral, physical, and soul destroying intoxicating cup. An army, reeling in the throes of drunkenness, — going to save the heathen !

“ Behold ! I have stood on the mountains, and this was writ in
the sky :

‘ She is weighed in the scales and found wanting, the balance God
holds on high ! ’

The balance he once weighed Babylon, the mother of Harlots,
in — ”

We laugh at drunkenness now-a-days as the Elizabethans laughed at insanity, and some of the most talked of—not much read—writers use it as a trump-card. God has proven in all ages that He always represents the moral sides of all issues. Stanton wrote years ago: “ Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They began in infidel France during the Italian campaign and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our victories to the spirit of the Lord.

“Are the vineyards responsible for French decadence? Is the cultivation of the vine responsible for the mental attitude of the French, and for the tendencies to vulgarity which prevails in their literature? If their wines produce this havoc in a nation, what, in the course of time, will *our* ten-fold stronger drinks produce? Can we not see the “hand-writing on the wall?”

* * * *

Eugene Morris stood well the trying work at San Antonio. His face bronzed, hands hardened, and whole body toughened proportionately. The arduous task of the officers in training this motly make up, was greatly assisted by such men — trained in military tactics — as Eugene Morris. His respect for — not superiors, — but officers, — men often below him in mental calibre, greatly assisted them to secure the ignorant, boasting class that impregnates all armies and in a superlative degree this one. But with a super-human effort on the part of some with merely passiveness on the part of others, order was soon brought out of chaos and on Sunday, May twenty-ninth, Generals Wood and Roosevelt were ordered to remove their command to Tampa,

Not a century ago, like campaigns were made by both infantry and cavalry, marching weary and foot-sore across a continent with inconveniences multiplied a thousand fold, but these troops, packed to suffocation, found in the four days journey the heat and surroundings almost unbearable. Finally, arriving at Tampa, the officers pressed their forces to the front and succeeded in getting a transport among the very first.

Salome and Muriel had by this time arrived and were busy trying to help in a small measure relieve the suffering hundreds that were smitten with terrible fevers. Through her influence with their General who was from their own state and a friend of Dr. Grey's, Salome soon gained permission to accompany the contingent to Santiago.

Muriel recognized Ione Chilton, but did not let herself be known. A few days after as Ione was crossing from one hospital tent to another, she came face to face with Eugene Morris.

"Miss Chilton!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

Her self possession came to her immediately and she replied, in a perfectly calm voice: "Watching out for my father's health and serving my country by nursing as best I can."

"Where is your father, Miss Chilton? I am now hunting for his head-quarters."

Pointing away to the right, she said; "You will find father over there Mr. Morris. I am here without his knowledge. Let me beseech you not to reveal by word or look my presence."

"Do you think this is right, Ione?"

"I do," was the prompt reply, "the end justifies the means. Will you give me your promise?"

"Yes" said Morris, "but how long have you been here! I think a few days will suffice to make you willing and glad to return home."

"I have been here several weeks" Ione answered, "and entertain no idea of returning, but instead, intend sailing with the troops to the scene of conflict if I can evade my father long enough to get aboard."

"I think you are wrong Ione, and had better give up your trip."

"Have not I the same right to serve my country as your-self?" she asked.

"Oh, but it seems so hard for one raised as you have been, to endeavor to confront the terrible hardships attendant upon the life of a nurse. I fear you will weep your eyes out."

With fearless happy eyes she gazed into his and said: "Mr. Morris, for the first time in my life I feel that I am of use. Would you rob me of this sweet satisfaction and cause me to return to a worse than useless life — a life freighted unbearably with idleness and vanity? I had a thousand times rather be a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism to my country than to return to that detestable life."

Morris had never heard her speak in this strain before, consequently was dumbfounded at her assertions; but in looking long and earnestly

at her changed features, which plainly revealed her new self, he was convinced of her earnestness, and so extended his hand and congratulated her upon these noble resolves, and promised to in no wise make known to her father her presence.

At last all hinderance was overcome and on the 13th. of June the troops received the welcome news to embark. While grave fears were entertained of the result, still they preferred excitement, seasoned with danger to the inactive, monotonous life in a pestilential camp. Ship after ship weighed anchor and went slowly ahead for the distant mouth of the harbor, the band playing, the flags flying, the rigging black with the clustered soliders cheering and shouting to those left behind on the quay—who considered themselves unfortunate in being left—and to those on the other ships. They were all night in passing the tortuous channel, but the next afternoon the great fleet steamed out until Tampa's light sank in the distance.

The thirty odd transports moved in long parallel lines, while ahead, behind and on either flank the gray hulls of the war-ships, surged through the blue waters, with every variety of craft to guard, from the mighty ocean-liner to the converted steam yachts and the frail venomous looking torpedo-boats.

Men young and strong with unbounded patriotism, cast a parting glance at the shore then turned quickly, and looking before them — seemingly to pierce the invisible future, which, thankfully at this and all times a gracious Heavenly Father prevents us doing.

“ No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;
Men start not at the battle-cry —
O be it never heard again ! ”



CHAPTER XX.



ON board the Red Cross ship during their passage, Muriel met and recognized Ione, who told her of her father and Mr. Morris' presence which brought a rush of old memories that ended in a break-down from grief which lasted one whole day. Salome told Ione of Mr. Granville's death, and henceforward his name became sacred to them. Before effecting a landing, Mr. Morris secured a boat and came over to the hospital ship to look after Ione, and was surprised to find on board, Mrs. Granville and her beautiful companion. Ione recounted Mr. Granville's death-bed scene, and from that on Mr. Morris regarded Mrs. Granville with a peculiar but dangerous pity — dangerous because it is of the kind that begets a tenderer sentiment. Several times during the long hours before landing he found time and occasion to visit them. The thunderous, deafening roar, of the cannon shelling the shores in order to make landing for the troops

safer, unnerved Muriel, but Ione and Salome viewed it calmly and quietly. Soon the troopship that bore the Rough Riders began unloading, and Ione stood on deck and watched them begin the march inland.

Next came her father's ship, and they likewise landed and marched out of sight, and she thought with aching heart, that all she loved best were gone into dangers from which they would never return.

The next day came reports of the skirmish, and when Ione expressed her determination to go to the scene of conflict, Salome and Muriel made arrangements to accompany her. Part of the way they were hauled in wagons, part they trudged o'er places too rough to ride.

With solemn awe they visited the temporary hospitals and Ione looked into the faces of all the dead first, and then the wounded, thus making herself sure that neither her father or Morris were among the number. Finding their services were not needed and the surgeons fearing for their safety on the morrow, they retraced their foot-steps before the dawn of another day.

It was not fatality that caused Eugene Morris at this early hour of his acquaintance with Muriel, to regard her with a tenderer sentiment than

he was wont to regard her sex. It was only her loneliness and utter dependence that appealed to him.

If Ione had been brave enough to make known her love to him he could, and would have admired her sufficiently to have pledged himself to her, but she could not find courage to leave the old time worn track and open her heart to him, consequently for a long fostered, mistaken idea of woman's sphere, she must bear the bitterness of consequences, for in a very few days she, with the jealous eyes with which she watched his every look and movement, when in his presence, soon imagined he was in love with Muriel, and with a broken heart, she performed every hour's duty ; no one realizing the terrible inward struggle she was having.

The army advanced as best they could to take the city of Santiago, in the rear followed the relief corpses and Red Cross nurses. They were kept busy nursing the faint and fever stricken that fell by the wayside, and once, when a New York volunteer fell, and was hastened back to the hospital from her father's command, and while he was in consultation with the head nurse, she had to turn her back for fear of recognition.

Only six hours rest was given them at night.

There, stretched on her blanket, pile of straw, or anything obtainable, was the tender society belle that had always been accustomed to the luxuries of life. Through night's dampness and dews, day's tropical sun and rain, unflinchingly, uncomplainingly, they bore all, and Ione felt, for almost the first time in life, that she was of use to some one.

Finally, on the night of June thirtieth, throughout all the camps went the whisper, "there will be a battle to-morrow." By daylight, July first, all had had their breakfast, and before "Old Sol" sent his piercing, blistering rays pouring down on their heads, they were in line and marching on the enemy.

The roar of the artillery and the crack, crack of musketry was appalling to the inexperienced. In three different directions the strife was getting fierce and hot and by eight o'clock it was general. As our forces advanced on the enemy, our ships began thundering at the fortifications, when the Spanish fleet, snugly sheltered in the harbor, trained their guns as best they could and poured forth volley after volley on our own brave Jack-Tars.

It was now one blazing, belching volcano of fire and death! Men were trembling here and there, dropping singly and in dozens, while the

wounded were coming back in a stream of bleeding humanity. By eleven o'clock on that memorable morning, the conflict was at its height and all was a roaring, quaking volcano.

At the front it grew hotter and hotter. Right up to the "trochas" rushed our determined soldiers and fought their way through, cutting wire and rushing at the enemy. Soon, San Juan Heights were taken, and El Caney followed in quick succession.

Ione had mounted a small hill in front of the field hospital, and with field glasses watched both her father's and Eugene Morris' regiments make the charge. Without consulting any one she slipped away through palmetto, cacti, and the numerous dense tropical growths that cover the country, and reached her father's division first, recognizing him, away to the right of her path, commanding his men. She crept stealthily on, stopping often to take some wounded man's canteen and bring water to quench his dying thirst. Once she assisted a poor regular to straighten his limb, that was shattered by a shell and had doubled underneath him in falling.

Through it all she preserved a stoicism that would have pleased Teno himself. Her thoughts were not of these poor men, however,—so thick sometimes that she must leave her path-way—

but of the division of Rough Riders she saw in the vale and ascending San Juan Heights.

Finally she reached the edge of the woods from which they had made the dash up hill, and began the search among the dead and dying. Could a mission be more fraught with horror? A lone woman, wild eyed, and heart-broken seeking for her loved one among hundreds of dead and dying.

Heart-broken, because she felt he could never return the love she bore him; felt that the heart she so much craved had already been given to another, but hers was sufficient for both. Hers was that devotion that loses sight of self for the benefit of the loved object a sacrificing devotion that takes hold of the very "horns of the altar."

The terrible heat and surroundings caused strong men to faint, but with a super-human strength, Ione traversed and re-traversed the battle-ground, often running to a lifted form and scrutinizing the features before he was borne away. She seemed to have no thought that he was not among the wounded, she did not look among the unhurt as they came and went, but having a presentiment that he had fallen, she continued to look. Seeing three men raising a body, she went toward them and seemed dis-

appointed when she found it was the one she sought.

"For whom are you looking," one of them asked her.

"For Eugene Morris. Troop — of the Rough Riders."

"Here!" Said a weak voice near her, and she turned only to behold him lying in tall grass, with a shattered lower limb. He started in surprise.

"Ione," he said, "why did you come here? You will be shot, you can do me no good!"

Without answering him she turned to the three men who were about to bear the other man away, and said: "Will not one of you come and help me carry my friend to the hospital tent?"

Not so much her words as her look and voice caused them to exchange words. One of them came, and assisted by Ione, placed Morris on a blanket and then, with seeming super-human strength on her part, lifted and started slowly across the intervening space.

The enemy had retreated over the hills, the cannonading in a measure had ceased, but the sharp-shooters continued picking off the men. Ione could not go more than twenty paces without resting. She also knew that every step they

took was torture to Morris, and when they raised and lowered him at each rest he would nearly faint with pain.

After a hundred yards or so had been covered two volunteers came to her relief and bore him gently to the rear. As they neared the place where the hospital tent had been pitched, other men came bearing a wounded comrade on a stretcher. He was talking brightly to them of his wounds, which would not have proven fatal, when the bullet from some sharp-shooter's Mauser tore through his brain. Two more hisses of passing bullets from the same source, one of which penetrated the foot of Eugene Morris.

Ione screamed and purposely ran round on the side from which the bullet come, then she placed her hand over his head as if to shield him. She was just in time, the next shot passing through the lower portion of her own body, lodging against his belt plate directly over his heart. She fell unconscious across his form, and one of the soldiers raised her in his arms and bore her tenderly beyond the range of deadly missiles.

Morris wept like a child, giving vent to his feelings in words of regret that she came for him and that he was the cause of it. He dis-

patched a comrade for her father, but before he had arrived, Morris was unconscious, and surgeons were operating on his limb and foot.

Upon the arrival of Captain Chilton, he was told of Eugene's wounds and of the young female nurse being shot while striving to aid him, whereupon he requested to be taken to her. Imagine his horror when, walking among the rows of wounded, he heard a sweet, plaintive though weak voice away to the right of the accumulated group of writhing humanity, call, "Father!"

Stopping short, he turned, and beholding her he made a quick rush to her side, and kneeling beside the prostrate form, cried: "My God, Ione! Is this you? What are you doing here? How did you get here, and when did you come?"

"I came when you did, father," answered Ione. "I knew it would have been against your wishes had you known; but forgive me, I could not help it."

He bowed his head on her breast and wept for some time. She twined her arms around his neck, and although she was suffering much pain, spoke words of comfort to him, making light of her wound and assuring him of her speedy recovery. But she felt this would never be. He

secured permission to remain from his command and stay with her through the night, saw that her wound was well dressed, and rejoined his regiment at day-break as she was resting quietly.

The inexorable mandates of cruel war forced the distracted father to his post of duty in order to hold their position or advance as the case might arise. All night long the wounded were being carried to the rear. No sooner were the wounds of one bandaged than others were demanding attention of the surgeons and nurses. They came by hundreds, some crawling, dragging mangled and bleeding limbs and praying in the name of God and mercy to be relieved. The uncomfortable army wagons rumbled over the unbroken ground, full of bleeding forms and every jolt brought fresh shrieks, and, sad to say, oaths.

The following day's skirmish was equally as successful in gaining strategic ground, and our loss of life was comparatively small, still, not knowing the strength of the enemy, there were rumors of a retreat, which Captain Chilton with many others dreaded most of all, for he well knew that the line of such retreat was such that they would be at the mercy of the enemy, who would spare neither sick or well, nurses or sol-

dier, male or female. But the God of all battles directed the best and bravest officers to advise the holding of their position and on Sunday morning the annihilation of the Spanish fleet by our own bravely manned and splendidly handled war-ships, was the turning point.

It was a day of great rejoicing to our exhausted soldiers in Cuba, as well as to the entire nation, but it was the saddest of Captain Chilton's life. He had spent the night with Ione and just at daybreak, with arms tightly clasped around his neck, she breathed her last.

Her quiet and resigned talk to him during the night had somewhat reconciled him ; but with a feeling that the brightest and best of all was gone from his life, he stoically crossed her hands and left her with Salome and Muriel, who had, upon hearing of the misfortune, rushed to her side. When he returned to help bury her, and mark her grave, Salome handed him the following note found on her person.

To my dear father and mother :—

“ If I should fall by the wayside let me lie at rest where I fall. Come sometimes and view the spot, but it is my wish not to be removed. Neither grieve, for I am happier in the discharge of this duty than I have ever been since reaching an age of responsibility. No less love to you, but more as I love humanity more.

Your loving daughter,

IONE.”

She had died with her love a secret. Eugene Morris thought her life sacrificed because of humanity, little dreaming he was the moter-power that set vibrating all her nobler instincts.

But he grieved aloud, clasping Captain Chilton's hand, for words were inadequate to express his sorrow, feeling himself the indirect cause of her death.

"Do not grieve Morris," said Captain Chilton, "others have given only sons, I have given a purer sacrifice — an only daughter and child."

"And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe too deep for tears when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind nor sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquility.
Natures cast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were."

At nine o'clock fierce cannonading at sea began. Salome knew there was a naval battle, and the horror and anxiety would have been unbearable but for that stoicism that takes possession alike of men and women.

All day she worked aiding a dextrous surgeon dress wounds, — worked with livid face and

clinched teeth—the deep continuous roar of the great guns chilling her blood until her heart hung dormant in her bosom. Every pulsation was an intercession in behalf of Dr. Grey.

Night came before she learned the results and then, with clasped hands, she knelt amid an ocean of tanned, motly mass of wounded men, and aloud, thanked God for the victory. Profane lips near her were sealed, giving place to glances of reverence.

Many hearts were turned to holier things, for often did she hear in the succeeding days, from hardened men, from bearded youth, “remember me in your prayers.”

“Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity !
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage !”



CHAPTER XXI.



AFTER the victorious naval battle and subsequent surrender of Santiago, owing to the alarming condition of the troops and the scarcity of surgical aid, Dr. Grey, with other surgeons, were daily detailed to land service thereby somewhat relieving the over-taxed medical force.

Day and night he labored cleaning and dressing wounds, setting shattered limbs and amputating others. It was his first experience of war, and to a nature like his the sight was appalling; groans and prayers, shrieks and oaths greeted his ears, and his sympathetic heart was bleeding with pity.

On cots, on stretchers, on hay, and on the bare ground, everywhere, the dead and dying exposed to rain and sun, — tropical sun whose rays would sicken a well man. American youths bared to the waist, with ghastly wounds gaping to the insects; Spanish conscripts, whose dark handsome features were almost hid-

den by clotted blood, begged for help until one grew faint under the inability to immediately relieve all. But the few dextrous hands aided by the nurses, soon worked wonders, considering their surroundings.

About two weeks after Dr. Grey landed, a gentle, little Red Cross nurse approached him, as he was dressing a painful wound in the shoulder of a regular, and said :

“ Please sir, when you are through will you not come with me to see a very sick nurse ? She has been so faithful, so brave, so helpful that I cannot let her die. It is just across the way — you can soon return. Please come for a few moments.”

Dr. Grey finished dressing the wound and followed her to a rude structure. “ How long has she been here ? ” he inquired.

“ She was brought in a wagon from the rear this morning,” was the answer. “ She has been sick two days.”

Dr. Grey entered the miserable hut, following the nurse to a corner of the room where the patient lay. Kneeling beside the prostrate form, with her head half buried in the straw, was a diminutive little woman, who, upon his approach, raised her head, gave a scream of joy, and then fainted.

“Muriel!” he exclaimed. He bore her limp form to the opposite side of the room, administered restoratives and hastily returned to the patient whose side she had been kneeling at, and whom he felt positive to be none other than Salome. As he looked at the beautiful form, limp in the throes of what might prove to be yellow fever. Why did he reproach himself? Why did he forget all other patients? Hastily, with lips moving in prayer, he exerted himself to the utmost to save her. His previous experience in tropical lands had rendered him familiar with the best treatment for the disease, and never before had he felt so proud of the knowledge.

Muriel soon regained consciousness and imploringly called upon him to “save Salome, her best friend.”

“I will do all in my power, God knows, Muriel, but you must be composed and aid in nursing her, for much depends upon that.”

Muriel arose and assisted him in placing Salome in a more comfortable position. The strong probabilities were that she was liable to end her life as she began it, — without even the necessary comforts of life. All her battles in early life had been because of poverty and its dire results; all her rebellious thoughts, be-

cause she had not been born amid luxury and honor, and now she had willingly and gladly chosen this service and complained not of its hardships. God in the first had fitted her for the last, why can we not submit to his dealings?

Dr. Grey bathed her temples, stroked her soft tapering hands, feeling an inclination to clasp them and hold them forever. No sign of returning consciousness greeted him and here, as in all his service, duty came first. He knew he must return to his wounded and fever-stricken patients.

But "O," he thought, "I may never see her alive again!" Still he must leave her. Seemingly unconscious of the presence of Muriel and the other nurse, he stooped and pressed his lips to Salome's feverish ones. "Darling," he whispered, "you would have done more than that for me," then rose, gave Muriel explicit directions, and went back like a piece of mechanism to his post of duty.

His aids did not know why he was so preoccupied the rest of the day; his patients did not understand why he was more tender than usual, and the nurses could barely make out verbal directions. Only God above knew his thoughts and determinations.

The interminable ended at last, when he returned to the Oregon and later, obtained permission to go ashore. He filled a basket with necessities and delicacies, took his own pillows and blankets from his berth, hailed a shoreboat and was rowed to the city. It was late when he landed but after obtaining the services of a Cuban boy to carry his basket, he trudged the mile to Salome's bedside.

Things were much as he had left them, except Muriel, more nervous and the patient more restless, but his very presence reassured the former and when she found he would remain the night with them she wept for joy. Kneeling, he tenderly raised Salome and they placed the blankets and pillows underneath her. Did he hold her form closer than he thought, to his own? If so, we will forgive him, for it seemed to him all that life now held dear was slipping away.

Muriel knew of Salome's wild passion for Dr. Grey in the past, and now she felt that he returned her love with a fervor surprising to any one who understood his calm nature. How she longed and prayed for Salome's life to be spared, but with every hope came the present critical condition. Finally Dr. Grey bade both Muriel and the other nurse lie down and sleep, himself sitting on the straw beside Salome thus

becoming sole watcher, noting every change which, with his familiar knowledge of the indications, united with readiness and dexterity in the application of needed restoratives, brought on a quietness that toward morning, betokened consciousness.

He gently awakened Muriel, told her the situation, and warned her to not let Salome know of his presence for fear of disastrous results; then taking some tea from the basket he left them, but soon returned with a steaming vessel of the beverage, prepared by his own hands for their breakfast.

For several days they had had barely enough of the coarsest diet to satisfy hunger,—which doubtless was one cause of Salome succumbing to fever—so they hastened to partake of the delicacies brought them by Dr. Grey, with an appetite bordering on voraciousness. Late in the afternoon, Salome showed further signs of returning consciousness, but only long enough for Muriel to tell her where she was and that she had a good physician, who had promised to soon return.

When Dr. Grey again entered the hut, Muriel motioned him to silence but at the sound of his step, Salome tried to raise her head. He hastily crossed the room and, realizing that she had

recognized him, knelt beside her taking both her hands in his and implored her, for his sake to be quiet. "For his sake!" How sweet the words were to her. With that wild longing born of disappointment and suffering she gazed into his face seeking some sign of explanation to his words. Muriel had left the room and they were alone. Stooping and again pressing his lips to hers, he said:

"Yes darling, for my sake. For the sake of the one that loves you better than his own life, for the sake of the man who feels honored in loving you and having your love. Try to recover, Salome. Your many lasting and noble virtues, dear one, put to shame my inherited conservative ideas. My love is no spurious growth but that of ripened friendship, and has the only lasting foundation; that of truly tested merit.

"I have carried my own and my family pride to such an extent that God first came near taking my own and now your precious life, to show me where I stood. I was drawn, through pity, to my first, my dead love whose memory I hold sacred. Will you accept this new born love, Salome? Will you recover and be a precious wife to the man twice your age?"

Her eyes sparkled with joy as she held out

both her hands, which he seized and covered with kisses. Fearful of the effect this would have upon her, he was glad at the approach of Muriel, when their conversation was forced into another channel. He fed her some beef tea Muriel had prepared, and was over-joyed to see her soon drop into a sound sleep, from which he knew she would awaken much stronger. All the following night he again watched beside her, refusing the rest Muriel pressed him so hard to take, but his joys in life had been so vanishing, he feared an early flight of this one. All night he held her hand in his, imprinting on it warm kisses often-er than he would care to admit even to himself. Once she asked to be raised up, and he sat behind her and let her beautiful form rest against his own. Did he envy the angels? This one night of ecstatic rapturous joy fully repaid him for his whole life of sentimental emptiness.

At daylight he strode languidly out into the fresh air to begin his day's work in this fever stricken city. Four thousand of our own men prostrate with fevers, beside the wounded of both armies and the sick natives. Reeking pestilence stalking abroad in this already foul city. O, war, war! How long before all nations will accept the Czar's disarmament proposition, and christian peace shall reign?

On the tall hill, not far distant, Dr. Grey could see in the early morning light, old Moro Castle; nearer him were the spires of ancient cathedrals and public buildings, some almost in ruins from age and others demolished by our bombardment. "Man's inhumanity to man!"

Back to his day's work he went with the usual vigor and strength. He did not realize any change in himself sufficient to attract his attention, but after his usual visit to the ship and his return to Salome's quarters, — Muriel had positively forbidden his watching longer — he found on lying down that his strength was spent and, although he had scarcely slept during fifty-six hours, he could, by no artificial means, court the relaxation of his physical being, but restlessly turned from side to side.

Morning found him unable to rise and by noon he had developed symptoms of Salome's disease, at which Muriel became thoroughly alarmed. She retained perfect self-possession, however, and with the aid of a few minutes call from a surgeon she had summoned, treated him alone. With untiring energy she devoted herself to both her patients, anxious in this, their dire need, to return some of their devotion to her. She begged of two passing volunteers their blankets, asked their assistance to remove him

to another room, and in appreciation of the services he had rendered some of their comrades, they came one at a time and helped her to nurse him.

She no longer ate of the stores which the thoughtfulness of Dr. Grey had provided them with, but returned to the course fare issued to all alike. The nurse who first summoned him, again came to her assistance, and for a week they wrestled with the "pale horse and his rider" for protectorate of Dr. Grey. Finally he was out of danger, but his recovery, owing to the lack of proper nourishment which was scarcely obtainable, was very slow and when, two weeks later they were ordered on board a transport going to Montauk, the faithful volunteers carried him, Salome walking between Muriel and the other nurse. She was only a shadow of her former self, but now they were going home, the realization fanned into life enough vitality to insure their recovery.

As Salome looked at the green hills of Cuba, and thought of what nature had done for this beautiful isle; then painfully compared it with the devastation and sorrow which tyranny had wrought for years among those same ever green mountains, she thought of Kiplings "White Man's Burden."

“ Take up the white man’s burden —
The savage wars of peace —
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease ! ”

Her heart was lifted to God and she prayed that the latter part of this verse might be true of this emerald isle.

“ Farewell ! And on thy bright hillsides
Soon may the sunshine of plenty
Shine as in days of thy glory.

* * * *

“ There on the earliest highlands,
Raise thou a new gonfalon.”

From Salome’s seat on the deck of the transport, she could hear the moans and beseechings of the sick and convalescent. The heat of August in Cuba was intensified a-board-ship, and some soon succumbed beneath its intense-ness, and were given a watery grave.

“ Mist on the sea ; like a great bird’s pendulous wing,
Broken and hushed ; it trails on the face of the main,
Down comes the sun, a red shot from a merciful sling
Burning its heart with swift death as an end to the pain.”

But high above all this suffering, written indelibly on every scene, were the words, “ going home,” and with these thoughts came those of another home-going.

“ Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We are home at last — home at last
 Softly we drift o’er its smooth flowing tide
 We’re home at last — home at last.
 Glory to God all our dangers are o’er
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God we will shout ever-more
 We’re home at last — home at last.”

From a tropical sea into the cold winds of an eastern coast these debilitated mortals came shivering, but by the aid of loving hands their wants were somewhat ameliorated. The critical press cries out in horror, likening the administration of our government to murderers simply because by negligence, lack of knowledge and indifference, a few hundred lives have been sacrificed in this Spanish-American war, when for over a century she has been dealing out to splendid manhood—and alas! Sometimes, womanhood—both a body and soul destroyer. Everywhere are licensed agents; in city, in hamlet, amid the very gorges of the rock-boldered mountain heights, with proffered glass of that which surely means “drink and die.” But it is only one mother’s son that is applicable to Avery Coonley’s verses.

“ Only one killed the head-line reads,
 The glad news speeds;
 The newsboys cry, ‘ Killed only one !
 He was my son.

What were a thousand to this one? They are scattered over all this beautiful continent. Army camps alone do not furnish them ; no uniform but that of slovenly dress which culminates in tatters ; no coat of arms but of his "Satanic Majesty ;" no pay but taunts of friends and jeers of the masses ; no drill ground but our side-walks, our streets and alleys ; no weapons but the forbidden one with which he slays his best friend or himself ; no battles but those fought with associates or loved ones at home ; a reeling mighty army of nearly one hundred thousand every year. A few hundred graves at the different places of conflict, receive the pity of all alike, but the thousands slain every year by this, our boasted nation, are viewed indifferently.



CHAPTER XXII.



WO years have passed since the return from Cuba. Dr. Grey and his charming, useful wife were as happy as two such noble natures can succeed in making themselves.

While the Oregon's crew, both officers and men were loth to part with him, his community and state rejoiced to have him among them once more. The school, well begun by Salome, was carried to perfection by his aid and advice and several classes were now leaving it to go out into the world. Manly, muscular boys — well fed in body and mind, and with lofty aspirations, the wave thus set in motion to be forever lashing its white crested circle upon the very shore of eternity.

Across the lawn — as Dr. Grey and his wife were again sitting in the summer-house beside the lake he, with his arm encircling her waist — there came a bright looking mulatto nurse pushing a carriage, and in it, diminutive Ione Grey, so

named by the request of their mutual friend, Eugene Morris, who was very often with them, not because Muriel spent a large portion of her time with these, her dearest friends, oh, no; but as he thought to impress them, in the interest of the railroad for which he was attorney.

Dr. Grey and Salome were as happy as mortals are permitted to be because there was no clashing, each, after ten years close intimacy knowing and appreciating the other's faults and virtues, and positively realizing the fact that they could not live happy separated. Each had proven that under the most trying surroundings and conditions, they were not made of degenerating material.

As a soft breeze rustled the leaves on the edge of the lake, Dr. Grey gently wrapped a crimson scarf about the young mother's shoulders and suggested they return to their house.

Salome's two elder brothers were back at their home, having finished their college course, and each had been tendered the position of manager of different agricultural departments.

Dr. Grey had secured Stanley a naval cadetship hoping thus to somewhat perpetuate his own work. Jessie was in the industrial school learning, together with her higher studies, all useful domestic virtues that a dependent girl should know.

Dr. Grey objected on the ground that Jessie was not dependent, for their home should always be hers. But Salome convinced him that her own early life would have been happier if Miss Jane, his sister, had required more labor by her hands.

Muriel was with them now, and Eugene Morris was stopping over for a few days at their hospitable home. At present they were promenading at the lower end of the garden, and his low tones and entreating eyes bespoke his emotion.

"It is now two years, Muriel, since Mr. Granville's death," he pleaded. "I have patiently waited all this time before addressing you, feeling that entreaties would be in vain before the expiration of that time. What I have endured you will never understand but I can remain silent no longer. Muriel, I offer you,—my first and only love—my whole heart with a promise to devote my life too you. Will you accept it, will you listen to my pleadings and become the wife of the man that adores you?"

She paused and seated herself on a rustic seat against a tree and he stood leaning over the back, gazing into her eyes as if he would penetrate her very soul. At length she said:

"I cannot do that, Mr. Morris, I cannot ! I cannot !"

"Do you not love me then, Muriel?"

"Yes, I do, and that with all my heart, but I cannot say as you can, 'for the first time,' for despite the unhappy ending of my former marriage I, at that time, and long after our marriage, idolized Mr. Granville.

"For which I honor you, Muriel," he replied. "If I felt that you had falsified your word at the marriage altar I could not even respect you."

"No, but I broke my marriage vow after. I took a solemn vow that I did not keep. I took him 'for better or worse,' promising to love him always, *let him do what he might, a vow wholly out of keeping with human nature.*

"We can pity and love if they fall ; men and women have proven their devotion and fidelity to weak inferior natures, but from tyrannical, abusive ones, all our refined elements shrink. Can we love the object from which we shrink in terror? Can we come, canine-like and caress the hand that wielded the lash o'er our trembling beings? *And yet; I promised to do it,* for which no one gave me a word of warning, and for which no one denounced me, but all held up their hands in holy horror when I failed."

"Why, my dear Muriel, revert to this un-

happy stage in your life." Morris pleaded. "You could not help it, it is all over, let by-gones be buried and trust your future happiness to me."

For a moment Muriel remained silent, then looking up into Eugene's face, said: "If I repeat the error will not my sins be magnified a hundred fold? Surely you do not think I can ever be guilty of such baseness? Neither did I think my first love would so debase himself. But in justice to your noble nature let me say, as you doubtless already know, that you have my whole heart. To Mr. Granville, I gave a girl's trusting, springtime love. To you, Eugene Morris, I have poured out a mature woman's, fuller, riper devotion; and as you are to-day, I shall forever love you, but from experience I know I could not love you should your nature, like his become debased. Would you ask me to again take that vow?"

"Surely, Muriel, you do not thus intend to cast me off?"

"No," she replied, "I do not wish to cast you off. I could not live without sometimes seeing you, and but for that one clause in the marriage ceremony, I would gladly become your wife."

"Will you blight both our lives, Muriel, be-

cause formalities compel us to say what we do not believe? We cannot rectify the evil, we are in no wise responsible. Let us only do the best we know how, getting what happiness we can out of the balance of our earthly existence. You will wreck my life, Muriel. Let me beseech you to accept the situation, and let us go hand in hand henceforth."

"That would be to me a joy unspeakable, nor do I believe you will ever fall. Had I been older, I would have known that many of the tendencies in Mr. Granville before we were married, were downward, *but I cannot solemnly promise before God and man to do that which I know to be an impossibility*. Not only yours but my own respect would I lose, and become before God a falsifier." As she finished, she arose, and placed her hand on his arm, and under cover of the evening that had descended upon them, he pressed her to his manly bosom and for the first time, imprinted passionate kisses on her lips.

Slowly they returned to the house, there to rejoin the family. Dr. Grey and Salome, knowing Muriel's sentiments, knew by Eugene's expression, that he had been rejected. That night, when Dr. Grey accompanied him to his room and the door was closed upon them, he said:

“Cheer up, old fellow, you shall both accompany Salome and I East next month, when we go to attend the peace conference of nations, and even if it be in some heathenish land, we will find a form of marriage that does not make requirements that prevent Muriel becoming your wife.

* * * * *

. “Companionless
As the last cloud of expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell ;

* * *

With feeble steps o’er the world’s wilderness ;
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued like raging hounds
. their prey.”

SHELLEY.

As the lopping of the wide-spread, beautiful branches result in the unattractive trunk, soon covering itself afresh with a closer, safer foliage ; as the agriculturist severs the main root to assist nature in developing some species of plant ; as we prune back the rose to secure more

and better bloom ; as the husbandman severs the adorning young tendrils of the vine to obtain a bountiful yield of fruit, so often, God snatches from our lives all that seems attractive, leaving bare our souls to form fresh tendrils and invoke Him to renew our strength and keep warm within the heart shorn of all love, the main life issues.

Such an experience had come to Mrs. Chilton. She did not remove the bodies of husband and daughter from among the tall grass and spreading palms of Cuba, but simply re-intered them in costly caskets, and after disposing of all her property in New York, returned to the land of her buried loved ones, to try in that needy place to make hasty amends for the wasted years of her life.

No part of the magnificent fortune left her by her husband was spent in erecting marble shafts, but instead, a training school for women was endowed and dedicated to their name.

“Prometheus like,” with no Mount Caucasus, burried with the remains of “Pandora’s box,” Pyrrha gathered the stones alone, unbound the hindering garments of despotic fashion and with great strength, cast the mere “Skeletons of her ancestors” to the winds and in this act, helped renew the race her own frivolity had aided in degenerating.

The same justness and faithfulness could not be accorded to Mrs. Chilton that was accorded to Deucalion and his wife, but to a patient, Heavenly Father alone, was due this opportunity to gather up "life's threads" and begin anew.







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